YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

The Normandy Invasion Beach — One Year After

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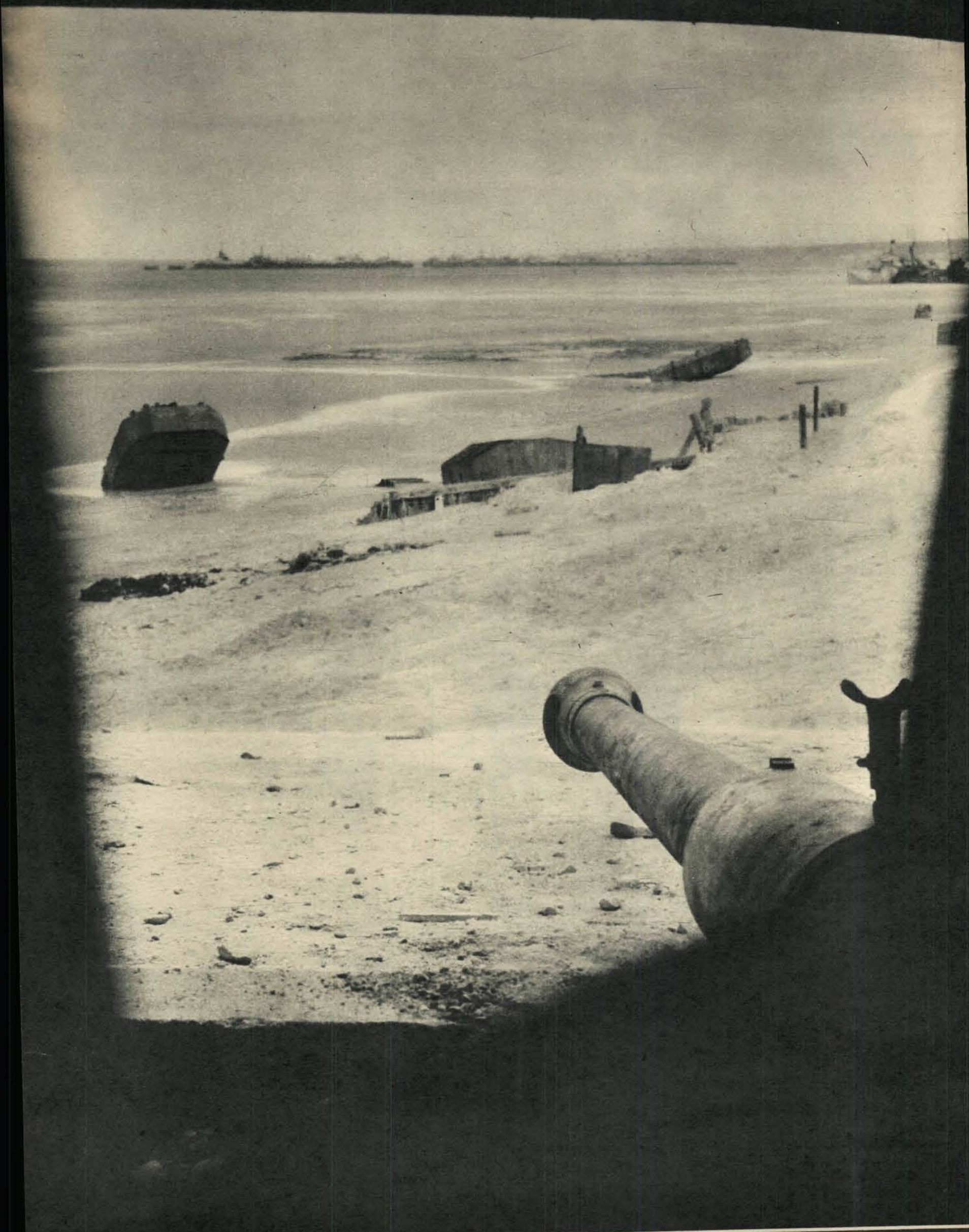

This is the view a gunner in a German pillbox on Omaha beach had on June 6, 1944. Looking out today you see some of the damage this and other pillboxes did.

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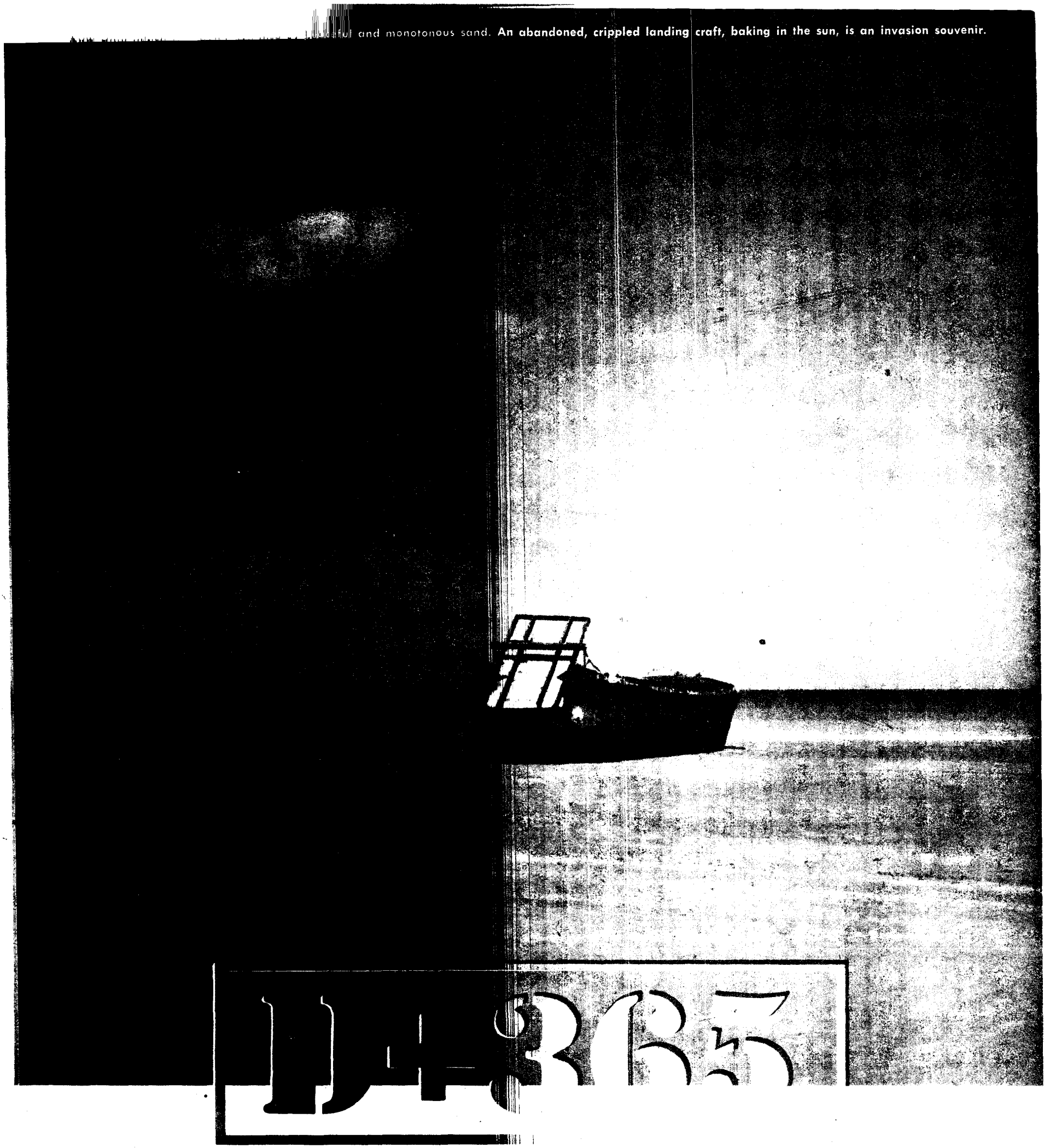

...ful and monotonous sand. **An abandoned, crippled landing craft, baking in the sun, is an invasion souvenir.**

D-Day

A visit, a year after, to Omaha and Utah beaches, hotspots of the June 1944 invasion of Normandy, shows how time has changed the scene to calm seaside, pocked with war's wreckage.

By Sgt. DEWITT GILPIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

OMAHA BEACH, NORMANDY—Only the sun and the wind now rake the long beaches of Normandy, and kids with toy shovels play in the sands where a year ago great armies came by sea. From scarred pillboxes silent coastal guns point aimlessly down the beaches that on June 6, 1944, were covered with dead Americans. A year has passed; the beaches where the invading armies landed are quiet now.

In front of Omaha Beach are the rusted hulls of ships sunk by the Allies themselves to make a breakwater. Some day the Navy will come and salvage the ships. In the meantime, two rammed-together freighters close to the shore are used as a rendezvous by couples at night.

Fishermen and peasants in need of fuel have dismantled most of the shattered beachside houses that the Germans used for emplacements. But back of Omaha Beach the brick chateau with its tiny Norman towers still stands. And the faded inscription written on the chateau by a doughboy long ago attests to the fighting that occurred there. The inscription states: "This ain't no USO."

Stretching away from the beaches are green fields and apple trees, lush and inviting. No one goes into these fields. There are signs which read: "*Achtung! Minen.*"

German soldiers still walk along the beaches which they once defended. But now these soldiers are prisoners and they cut sod for the cemeteries where Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair and Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt rest with their men.

In two-wheeled carts drawn by gaunt horses, the people of Normandy come to the beaches on Sunday afternoon. Fathers explain to their children how the shell-twisted landing craft were used.

When men and women speak of the fighting

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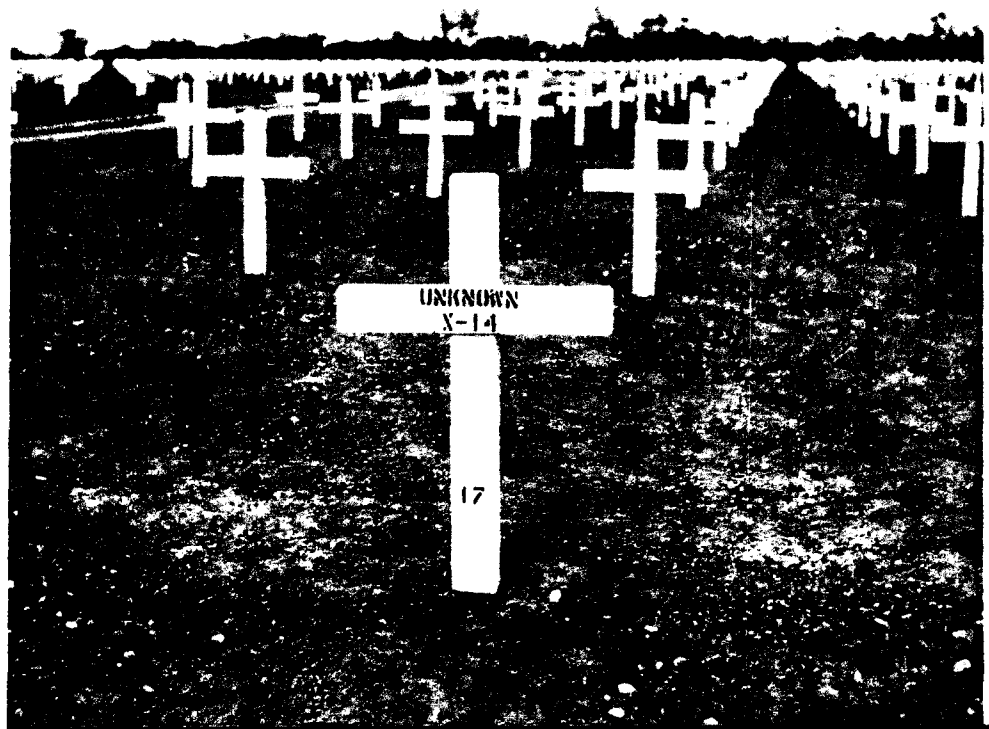

An unknown soldier lies among other American dead in American Cemetery No. 1, near Omaha beach. French families often visit these soldier graves.

Mines, shells and other ammunition are piled on deserted Utah beach. When new mine is located it is rendered harmless and added to the growing pi

on the beaches, they speak quietly. They recall that it was from these beaches that the long march started—the march that ended 11 months and two days later, May 8, 1945.

People point to the twisted landing craft, the bent pillboxes, the hushed cemeteries in the distance, and they tell again the story of the armies that came from the sea and fought on the beaches. Now children slide down bomb craters, where grass is beginning to grow.

THERE are a few veterans from the D-Day divisions now stationed around the little coastal towns of Colleville, St. Laurent, Vierville, Bayeux, Carentan, Varouville and Ste. Mere Eglise. They remember D-day with the limited perspective of soldiers who could see only what happened around them. They were, it is true, briefed on the "big picture." But to most of them it is hazy now.

These invasion veterans are now in MP units and they patrol the coast they helped liberate. They left their combat units because of wounds or combat exhaustion following the landings; one MP's eyebrows turned white in the hospital; another MP speaks with a stutter that followed a wound and concussion.

Some of the men have gone back to the beach and laboriously reconstructed their route and plotted the spots where buddies were killed. Others haven't bothered because they would rather forget.

D-Day's big picture, as relived on the situation map, went as follows:

After the terrific naval and air bombardment, the 4th Division, supported by elements of the 90th Division, landed at Utah on a strip of beach behind which lies Ste. Mere Eglise, St. Martin-du Mont and Varouville.

Already ashore and waiting for the seaborne infantry was the 82d Airborne Division. To the left of this beachhead on the V-shaped coast, the 1st and 29th Divisions made their landings between Colleville and Vierville. Already ashore in front of them was the 101st Airborne. Sandwiched in between the two beachheads were the 2d and 5th Ranger Battalions who scaled the cliffs near Pont de Hoc to attack six coastal guns. Further to the left on the coast in front of Caen the Canadian and British made their three beachheads.

Once astride the beaches, the American troops jumped off from the beachheads at each end of the V-shaped coast and drove towards the base of the V, effecting a juncture near Carentan. Control of this strip of coast and the road net within it set the stage for sealing off the Cherbourg peninsula and the push into St. Lo.

Cpl. Fred Clausen of Salinas, Calif., is now stationed on the sea at Carentan, which is about 10 miles from where he came down in a swamp with four other troopers from the 101st Airborne.

He wasn't particularly scared. The worst thing was sweating out the C-47 which was set afire by ack-ack while still over the sea. He jumped while still over water and the drift carried him and his four buddies into the waist-deep water that the Germans had let into the fields. He never found out what happened to the other paratroopers on the plane.

Naval guns were shelling the area where the men came down and they were more afraid of our shells than the Germans. After shooting their way through a German ack-ack crew, the troops holed up in the farmhouse of the Jules Bourdet family, who then as now boarded a pretty schoolteacher, Mademoiselle Barbier. Between the troopers' forays out to cut German communication wires, the schoolteacher taught Clausen his first words of French and he still goes back to see her "ever so often."

"On the fourth day," Clausen says, "I saw one of our tanks coming up the road and it made me feel good. Then I saw his gun go off and wondered who he was shooting at. A second later I knew; the bastard nicked me in the leg with a piece of his shell. So we hunted around until we found some Rangers who knew what paratroopers looked like."

The first juncture with the 82d Airborne was made by the 4th Division from its Utah beachhead. Coming in with the 2d Battalion of the 8th Infantry was S/Sgt. Walter A. Janicki of Pittsburgh, Pa. He is a short, husky GI who used to work at a Jones & Laughlin blast furnace.

The 88s were still whooming in when Janicki hit the beach and MG fire was raking their positions. He was a bazooka man then and he had a job to do.

"I missed the pillbox with my first shell," he recalls. "But I got the sonuvabitch with my second. I can take you down to the beach and show you where it was if you want to go."

After cleaning up the coastal pillboxes, Janicki's battalion pushed down a secondary coastal road and joined up with the 82d near Varouville.

"One thing I'll never forget about the beach," Janicki says, "is going back to get a buddy I knew had been hit. It was after I got the pillbox. But I don't want you to print who he was or how he looked. An 88 had hit him bad.

"But you can print that I've lost half of my hair. I'm not like some of the guys about things like that. And I stutter now too. But I'm not ashamed of it. And print that!"

FOR Janicki and the men on Utah beach the invasion went pretty much by the book; on Omaha they had to throw the book away and get ashore through the guts of men who made a beachhead where everything went wrong from the weather to the fact that the Germans had an extra, unexpected division looking down their throats when the first thin waves of Yanks staggered from a sea filled with sinking boats and drowning men.

Pfc. Herbert H. Adams is a drawling, six-foot Texan who landed with B Company of the 2d Ranger Battalion on the right flank of the 29th and 1st Division units. In England the special training given the Rangers had prepared him physically for the ordeal of the beach; his body kept going and carried him through it, but there are some blank spots in his memory on those things that people like to read about after the battle is over.

He knows that his company lost 11 killed and 24 wounded out of 68 men before they got off the beach, because an officer told him so later. He remembers the explosion when his boat hit a mine, and he remembers the relief that he felt when he found that his gas mask kept him afloat. Then he was firing at the slots in a pillbox and pretty soon he was going up a road with a sergeant who was walking on an ankle with a bullet hole through it. Somewhere along the road the first sergeant was hit, and it was days later before they finally got to the other Rangers who had been cut off when they went after the coastal guns.

"I didn't eat," says Adams. "Just drank some coffee along the way. Our boys were out of ammo when we got to them and they had been fighting with German guns and knives. And don't ask me what I said when I got to the first Ranger. All I remember is that he got out of his hole and shook hands with me and was damn glad to see me. There wasn't many of them left."

LANDING to the left of the Rangers on Omaha was the 116th Infantry of the 29th Division. T/Sgt. Granville Armentrout, who used to be a plumber in Harrisburg, Pa., came in with the 1st Battalion over a beach "that had more dead men on it than live ones."

Armentrout has been around the Army awhile; he talks and thinks like the infantry platoon sergeant he was on D-Day. The first thing he tried to do was get his men dispersed because they were all bunching up behind the seawall. Then he chewed some of them out because they had dropped the bangalores that he needed to blow the seawall on the beach. He went back to get the bangalores and figured that his number would come up when he used them. But his lieutenant, a new man who had come in from the Air Force for some reason, took the bangalores away from him and blew the wall. "He sure had guts," Armentrout says. "And some kraut put 10 bullet holes in those good guts of his a little later."

Armentrout believes that the 29th men froze on the beach momentarily because casualties had broken down the chain of command and not because they were afraid to move. It was a day where the brass had to show the stuff they were

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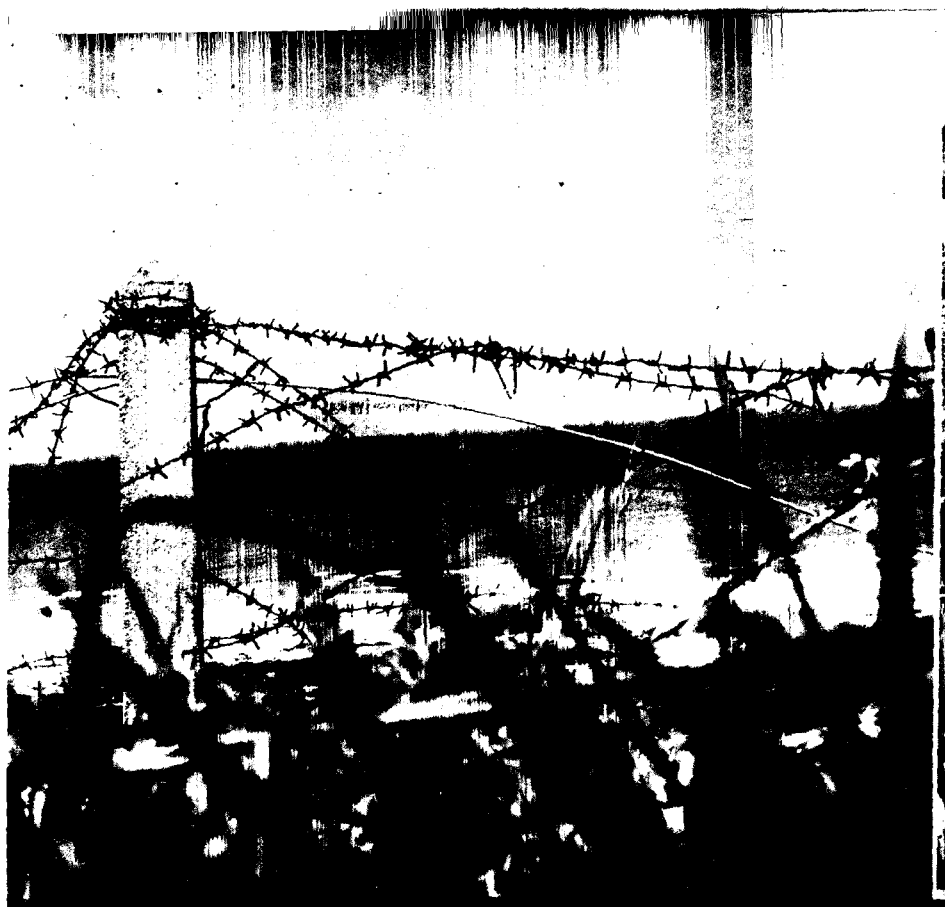

narrow strip of Omaha beach shows through the barbed wire. Now, instead of arring guns, only the sun and the wind and the tides rake its sloping sands.

There are still Germans on Omaha beach, but, like the PWs above, they work for us. These prisoners are building a monument to American dead.

made of, and Armentrout remembers "Col. Cannon and Gen. Coda walking up calmly and giving us the push we needed."

"And I'll never forget Col. Cannon," says Armentrout. "He had his two wounds tied up with handkerchiefs and was waving that pistol of his around like it was a 105 howitzer."

They went up the steep hill towards their objective of Vier-Sur-Mer, and Armentrout noticed that his old men kept moving and shooting while some of the replacements let themselves become sitting ducks. When he stumbled over his first German in a shell crater he beat him viciously with his rifle butt before he realized the German was already dead. On top of the hill where they reorganized the platoon they saw other Germans lying motionless in the open ground they had to cross. When they began their advance the apparently dead Germans came to life and pumped burp guns at them.

"And that was the way it went," Armentrout relates. "I lost some of my old men on the beach and more going across the field. Every time a boy went down who had been in the platoon a long time he would call for me. Usually I couldn't stop. Before St. Lo they knocked out practically all the old men who were left. That's where I blew my top. There was just something about them calling for me and me not being able to do anything about it that got me."

On the beach to the left of where Armentrout landed, the wounded of the 1st Division suffered too, for the high waves of the incoming tide drowned some of them before medics could make it through the machine-gun fire to get them. T-5 Rafael T. Niemi of the 16th Infantry's 3d Battalion, a replacement, was there, and he knew enough to do what the invasion-wise NCOs and officers of the Red One told him to.

His boat driver had taken a direct hit by a German artillery shell as they were embarking and shrapnel had killed eight other men. Other boats coming in with enough troops to build up the assault wave snafued their schedule and jammed together to make perfect targets for the Boche. The waiting men dug in cautiously as best they could because a mined beach is no place to sink a careless shovel.

Finally Brig. Gen. (then Col.) George A. Taylor organized the men for the assault with his practical order that they would go inland and die instead of waiting for death on the beach.

"I can still hear that colonel telling us we were going up the hill," says Niemi, who didn't know it was Taylor. "And at first I felt like shooting him with my M1. But now I feel different about it. I wouldn't be here if I had stayed on the beach."

And that was D-Day as the men remember it who patrol the roads along which the troops drove towards each other to join near Carentan.

Most of the American troops and French civilians had the same split-second relationship on D-Day as occurred when Raymonde Jeanne, who works in the general store at Ste. Mere Eglise, looked out of her bedroom window the night of June 5 and saw an 82d paratrooper in the street. She threw him a rose and, unless Raymonde is romanticizing the incident, he kissed it and walked out of her life with the rose in one hand and his grease gun in the other.

The French remember. In Ste. Mere Eglise, as in every village, the families go to the American cemeteries and place flowers on the grave of their "adopted" son each Sunday. Often they write to the wife or mother and enclose a picture of the grave as it looks with the flowers.

Gone, of course, is the pre-invasion conception of some Normans that our coming would be a costless thing that would not disturb the economics of life on the rich farms along the coasts. The peasants and townspeople paid for their liberation in lives, in wrecked homes and depleted dairy herds. Some grumble about these things, but the majority think the bigger sacrifice was made down on the beaches. And the same majority seem to understand why most of the GIs, unlike Raymonde's gallant trooper, were very rough with them on D-Day.

"All evening on June 5," says Monsieur Remand, the mayor of Ste. Mere Eglise, "we watch in the trees, on the houses, on the church. And all night the four machine guns that the Germans had in the church steeple keep shooting. But we are happy, because the Americans have come and we want to help them so much.

"But in the morning when I go out and find the captain of the paratroopers and speak our welcome to him in English, he refuses to shake my hand. I felt very bad. Now we understand that the Americans at first could not trust anyone. But the people felt very bad."

Mademoiselle Andrée Manoury of Carentan wanted to help the Americans too and she secretly took exactly 72 lessons in English before one of the American bombs that blew up the German gas dump also wrecked her home and forced the family to take to the fields. But while Andrée wasn't there to welcome the Americans when they came, one of the town's richest citizens was, and his wine flowed free.

Now the positions of Andrée and the rich citizen are somewhat different. She is the interpreter for the MPs in Carentan and he is in jail charged with making too much money from the Germans.

Not all of the problems of liberation, including collaborators, have been solved in Normandy. Those peasants who during the occupation sold butter and eggs to the German black market are selling them now to French racketeers. On another score the traditional Catholicism of agrarian Normandy expresses itself in some talk about the Russian displaced persons who are lusty rather than genteel and who seldom go to mass. And the good food fed to both Russian displaced persons and German prisoners causes some comment among persons with anti-American axes to grind.

The mark of the Boche, in the opinion of Mademoiselle Barbier, the schoolteacher that the paratroopers go back to visit, isn't something that can be wiped out of Normandy in a day or a year.

"We no longer use the books that we had when the Germans were here," she says. "And now we can sing the *Marseillaise* and *Chant du Départ*, and I have taught my children *America*. But the older children who learned to sing when the Germans were here still sing in that awful way the Germans do. It will be some time yet before they sing like the French again."

For the Normans who were poor the liberation has brought economic benefits along with liberty. Madame Furor who lives in Colleville with her blind husband and her daughter Bernardine will tell you proudly that she has gained many pounds since the 1st Division ran the Germans out. And while few 1st Division men know it, the Furor family was as much in D-Day as they were. The Furors lived in the house across from the little red brick chateau with the Norman towers on the road that leads up from the beach to Colleville. When the naval bombardment started they watched it until all the windows in the house shattered and then went to the trench they had dug in the front yard.

When the Germans withdrew from their positions around the road the family kept to the trench which was now in the target area of enemy artillery. Several times Americans saw them and discussed shooting them for snipers and Bernardine recalls, "Oh, I am frightened."

Eventually some doughboy came along who offered Bernardine chocolate, but she was as suspicious of them as they were of her because Germans had told her that the Americans considered all French on the coast to be traitors and would offer her poisoned candy. It wasn't until D plus-1 that she decided to eat some, and her admiration of Yanks dates from the first bite.

There isn't even an MP in Colleville now but Bernardine, who doesn't speak English very well, remembers the days when the road up from the beach was alive with troops coming in to help finish what the D-Day boys began.

And standing by the beach Bernardine will look up to the hill that once seemed so high to the boys of the Red One, clasp her hands to her breast without at all looking like a bad actress and say:

"Up here go many Americans. Many! All ride trucks that make dust and all say to me, 'Haylo, baybee. *Comment allez-vous?*' It is sad they no come back."

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SWEDE'S 6x6

No. 435907 went from Camp Livingston, La., to Luzon and is still going strong.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 32D INFANTRY DIVISION ON LUZON —CWO Ernest (Swede) Larsen of Alma Center, Wis., hoisted one foot to the hub of the six-by-six with the numerals T-11 S-11 painted on its bumper. "These GMCs," he said, "are a damn good truck."

In mid-December of 1941 Pfc. Ernest Larsen of Service Company, 128th Infantry, was in Camp Livingston, La., with the rest of the 32d Division. In the first flush of war, the 32d was on a semi-alert basis restricted to six-hour passes. ("And leave a telephone number where you can be reached"), pulling guard duty in New Orleans. There was scuttlebutt, of course, in the division about a POE.

With 13 months reasonably active service behind it, the 32d did have a certain priority on equipment. And among other items the division received during these flurried days, the service company of the 128th got 18 trucks, cargo, two and one-half ton, six-by-six, GMC; among them USA No. 435907.

Over Christmas and the New Year and through January of 1942, Pfc. Larsen rolled No. 435907 to and from New Orleans in guard convoys. "New Orleans," he remembers, "was a good town." In February, when the 32d Division shuttled north to Fort Devens, Mass., Pfc. Larsen and No. 435907, carrying the service company kitchen, rolled up through the Deep South across Maryland, the Delaware and New Jersey, in convoy—"a good lick."

Larsen made corporal at Devens. No. 435907 hauled GIs to and from the rifle range; GIs on pass to and from Boston; rations, garbage, miscellaneous. It was impounded once, overnight, by Boston MPs, when a guy named Finney leaned it against a lamp post and left it there.

In early April there were more rumors of a POE. Twenty-four hours a day No. 435907 hauled organizational equipment to Fort Devens sidings. Then, loaded up with the company kitchen, No. 435907 was braced and chained to a flatcar. Cpl. Larsen, now a dispatcher, didn't see No. 435907 again until late in May.

The 32d went to a POE all right, and it was San Francisco. No. 435907 crossed the U.S. to Frisco chained to its flatcar then crossed the Pacific in a forward hold. The 32d debarked at Adelaide, South Australia, in mid-May, and went into camp about 32 miles northeast of the city. About the 20th of the month Cpl. Larsen and a detail of drivers went into Port Adelaide and picked up their trucks.

No. 435907 saw a lot of Adelaide for two and a half months. Adelaide laid down its welcome mat for the 32d, and on a couple of occasions 435907 was AWOL. Larsen, who had made sergeant, used to sweat out his GMCs in those days like a B-24's ground crew sweated out the return of their Big Lib from a mission. The highway to Adelaide—a twisting bituminous affair—wound over a 4,000-foot mountain hump. "Why we didn't lose a dozen trucks over the side I'll never know," Larsen admits, "what with guys coming home plotzed and forgetting to drive on the left."

No. 435907 survived, however, and in late July it hauled organizational equipment back to Port Adelaide for coastal transport to Brisbane, Queensland. Then, packed with tentage, No. 435907 was chained to another flatcar. The rail trip to Brisbane was a long, dirty, cold affair, with a change of railway gauge that meant two days unloading and reloading. A few bottles of Scotch (you could still buy Scotch in July 1942) helped ease the discomfort to some extent.

Larsen was a staff sergeant on the trip. In Brisbane he mothered No. 435907, hauled lumber, logs, gasoline, rations, Coca-Cola, and Allied Works Council laborers for two months.

The 128th Infantry left Brisbane the day before their camp's showers were ready for New Guinea and what was to become the battle for Buna. No. 435907 was left behind with the division ordnance company. The regiment did take six of its GMCs to Guinea; three were lost in a Milne Bay bombing; two weren't worth the bother of bringing back when the regiment returned to Australia in February 1943. The one they did bring back slipped its sling and disappeared into Brisbane harbor as it was being unloaded.

Ordinance reissued No. 435907 to the service company. Larsen became a master sergeant. No. 435907's speedometer collapsed somewhere between 16,900 and 17,000 miles.

In October of 1943 the 32d embarked again, this time for Goodenough Island off Guinea's northeast coast. There were no more plush runs for No. 435907 for a long time. On Goodenough the 32d built another camp. Larsen made WO. No. 435907 ground over coral, forded streams, bounced through Goodenough's potholes, wallowed in sand, and added Boongs, bamboo and grass thatch to its list of freight carried. No. 435907 was on the road, or what passed for a road, 24 hours a day for a period of about two months, except when deadlined for flats and engine change.

In late December, about the time the 32d was firmly and comfortably established on Goodenough, the 128th Infantry packed up and sailed for Finschhafen, across the Huon Gulf. No. 435907 groaned in and out of LSTs—loading the regiment at Goodenough, unloading a part of it at Finsch, loading it again two weeks later. The next time No. 435907 lurched off the ramp of an LST it was at Saidor, in early January 1944. Saidor secured, No. 435907 caught another three months of the 24-hour business, over Saidor's wretched trails, loaded mostly with gasoline. The wet season was in full swing; No. 435907 ground through most of those days and nights in low range. Sometimes, hitching its winch rope to a battered palm some distance ahead, it pulled itself along, hand-over-hand, so to speak.

No. 435907 went into the surf again in May, loading the regiment for its hop to Aitape. At Aitape, No. 435907 splashed in and out of the surf and growled up and down the beach for three hard months. The salt water and the sand raised hell with its transmission, bearings, brakes and under-belly generally. When the 128th left Aitape in September for a brief staging at Hollandia, it was a pretty battered, creaking No. 435907 that loaded and unloaded regimental and service company equipment. The truck got a brief overhaul and a second engine change in Hollandia, and thus rehabilitated, as was the 128th, shoved off for Leyte.

LEYTE was a repetition of Saidor and Aitape with a few added refinements thrown in. In the Ormoc corridor shrapnel sprinkled the roads and in one brutal week, No. 435907 had 23 flats. The Service Company motor pool on Leyte was a rutted quagmire, so deep in mud that No. 435907 and the rest of the company's trucks had to be winched in and out of their gas dump. When the 128th was relieved in mid-January, after two months service, No. 435907 was again somewhat the worse for wear.

The truck, Larsen guesses, had about 43,000 speedometer miles behind it at that time. Its temperature gauge had long ceased functioning; its cushions were torn and splattered with mud and thick with grease. On the driver's side the bare springs stuck out like a compound fracture. The glove-compartment door flapped in the breeze. The windshield wiper was a thing of the past; neither window rolled up or down. But as the regiment left Leyte, in late January, and was flung into the Luzon fighting on the Ville Verde Trail six weeks later, No. 435907 was still plugging along, hauling ammunition, water, rations, Filipino carriers.

The 128th came off the trail late in April 1945, and No. 43907, ineligible for rotation, was kicked upstairs to a soft supply job. No. 435907, one of the two GMCs left of the original 18, is now the service company water truck. Something of a letdown, CWO Larsen thinks, for a faithful truck, cargo two and a half ton, six-by-six GMC, going into its fourth year overseas.

The highway to Adelaide was a rough run. A twisting, bituminous affair, it wound over a 4,000 foot hump.

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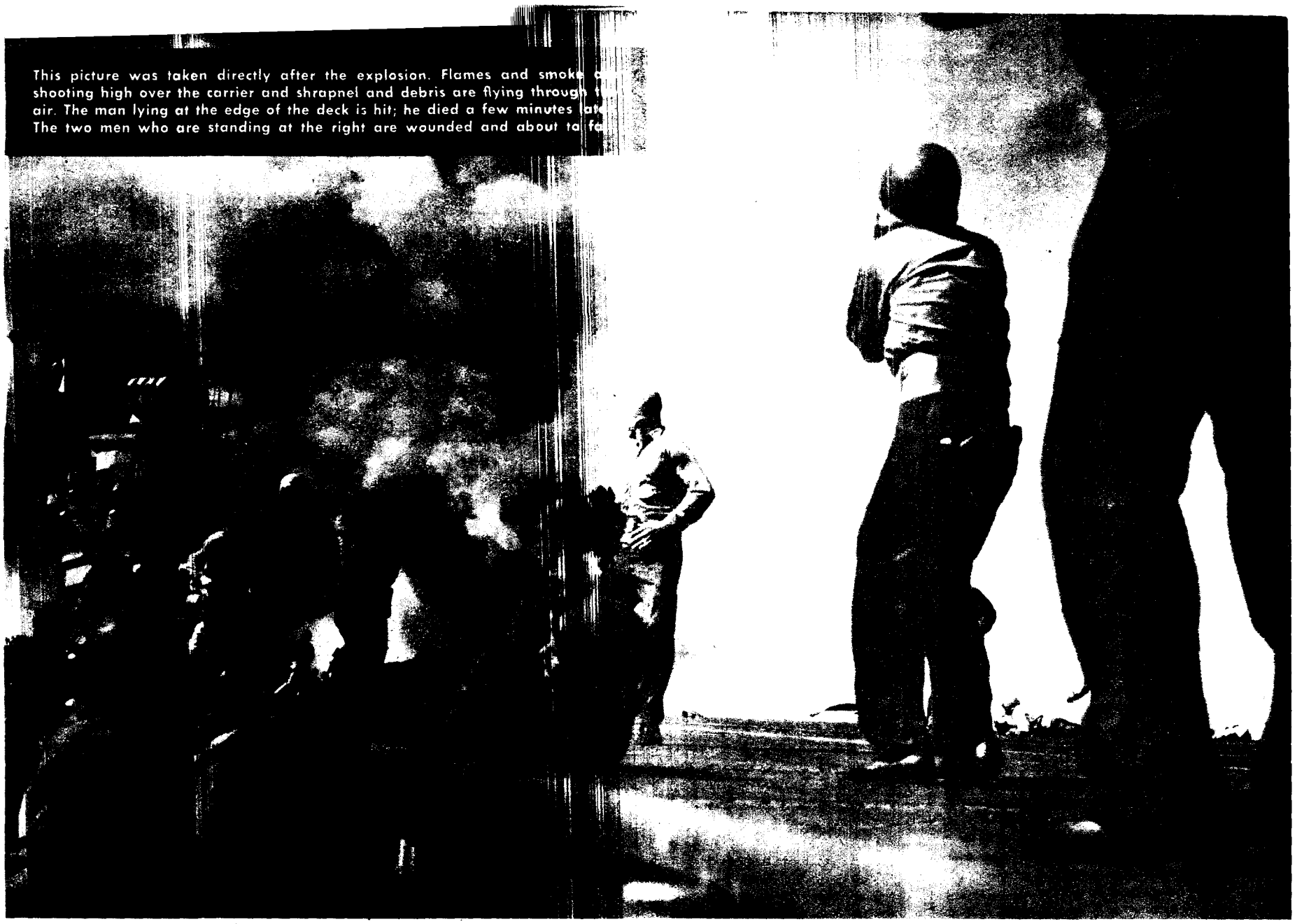

This picture was taken directly after the explosion. Flames and smoke [illegible] shooting high over the carrier and shrapnel and debris are flying through [illegible] air. The man lying at the edge of the deck is hit; he died a few minutes [illegible] The two men who are standing at the right are wounded and about to fa[illegible]

BLOW-UP ON A CARRI[illegible]

It was an accident, but the results were as bad as if the [illegible] had caused it. YANK's Sgt. Lon [illegible] took these pictures [illegible] it happened. The flat-top had been [illegible] strikes against Indo-China, China and Formosa a few months ago when one of its planes, a TBM, landed on the flight deck. As it rolled along, the bomb bay doors opened and a 500-pound bomb fell out, exploding on the deck. [illegible] the fire was controlled 51 men were dead and an unascertained number wounded.

A few seconds after the blast, fire-fighters got to work, dragging their hoses around the wounded who were treated by medical aid men where they fell.

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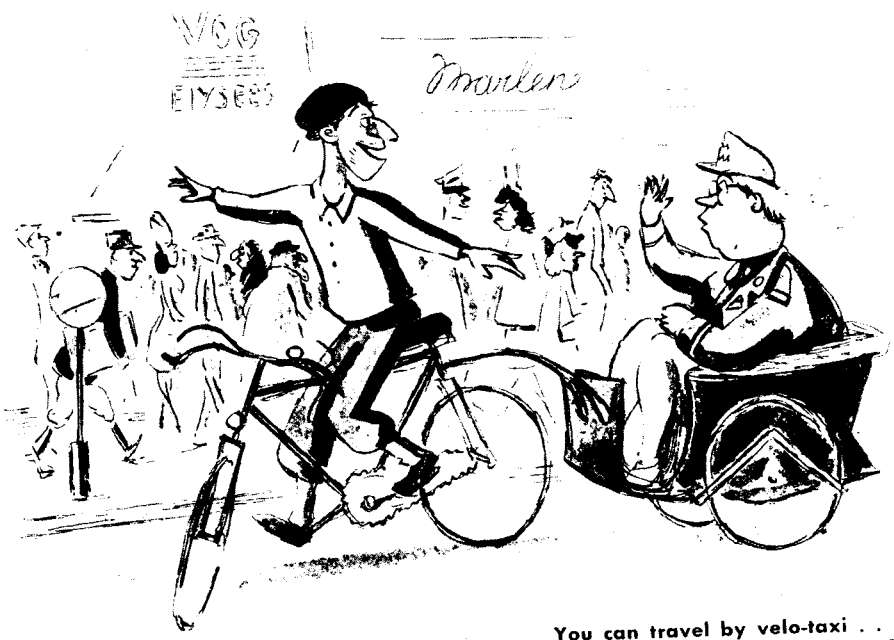
Allied troops—some of them—attend the GI-sponsored theater.

Paris

T-5 Anatol Kovarsky, a GI who studied art in Paris before the war, takes you on a sketchbook tour through the city.



You can travel by velo-taxi . . .
or crowd into a horse-drawn fiacre.

Friends are easy to make though MPs frown.

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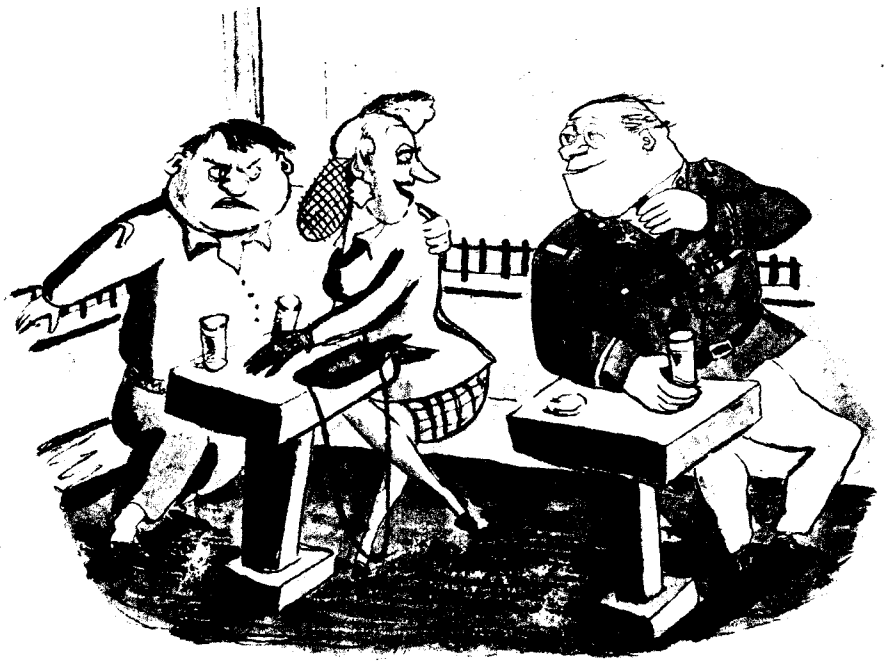
GIs on pass are impressed by sights like Notre Dame, left rear.

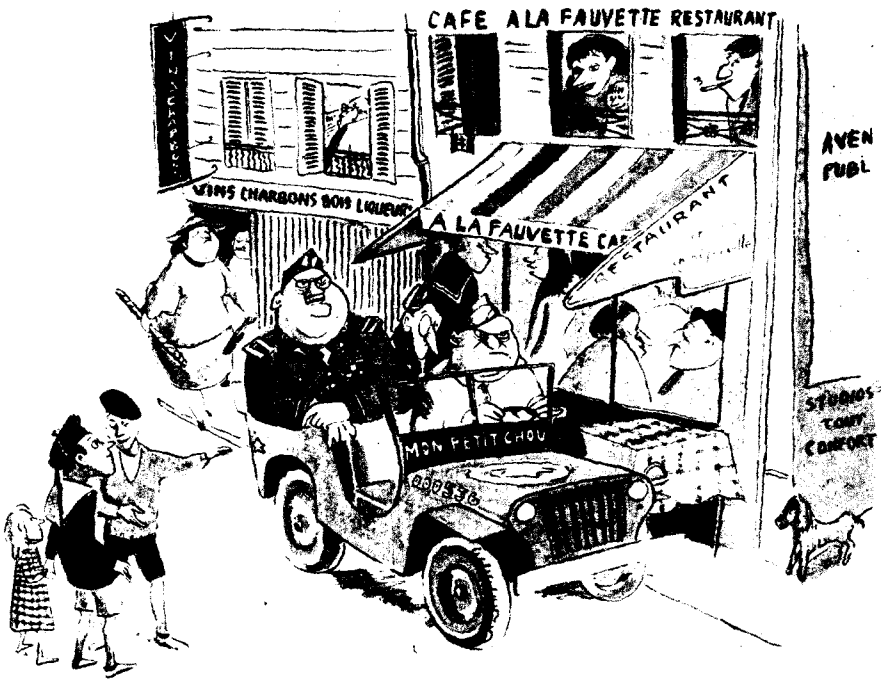
It's a tossup as to which are more confusing, maps or gendarmes.

A French officer's date takes cover from Rainbow Corner GI wolves.



This is one of the rankest dating hazards in the City of Light.

The grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard.



Any street, any jeep, any brass in back and any PO'd driver.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Wally Powers working on his model battle-wagon.

Model Sailor

PANAMA—You might expect a sailor to build a ship for a hobby, but you would hardly expect him to build a battleship complete with radio-controlled turrets whose guns will fire real ammunition.

Wally W. Powers MM2c is doing just that at Coco Solo. The battleship, a model of the Idaho, has been under construction for 15 months. Powers, who works in the station's instrument machine shop, figures it will take another 12 months to complete the battlewagon.

It is 6 feet 4 inches long and weighs 150 pounds. It has a beam of 14 inches and is 32½ inches from mast tip to keel. The battleship will be powered by four storage batteries of sufficient amperage to keep her going 11 hours. Except for the guns, which are steel, the vessel will be all-aluminum.

Powers salvages most of the parts from the station's junk pile. A landing light motor from one plane will drive the turrets; the 21 gears that will drive the four propeller shafts will be turned by an old windshield wiper motor. The gear box itself took three months to build.

The model is enclosed in an enormous shipping case, which serves two purposes: it safeguards the ship while in the process of construction; it will eventually serve as a shipping compartment. Powers has a packet of letters from high ranking officers authorizing him to freight his battleship home to New York City when his tour is up.

Powers, a sailor for six years, is 24. He saw duty aboard the heavy cruiser Tuscaloosa, then on neutrality patrol, and at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Tex., before his assignment to Panama.

—Cpl. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Treasure Hunt

WITH THE 339TH INFANTRY IN THE DOLOMOTE ALPS—There are a couple of gray granite fortresses left over from the Middle Ages on Highway 12 at Fortezza north of the junction with Highway 49. They don't look like much, but when we took them over from the surrendering Jerries they were full of stuff.

Among the many tips the 339th Regiment got from local *partigiani* was one that King Victor Emmanuel's jewels were hidden by the Nazis in one of the forts. The business was regarded as so unlikely that only one squad of C Company, under Lt. Louis Miller of Charleston, W. Va., was sent to investigate. The squad discovered a vault, very modern, in a rock tunnel inside the fort, but no jewels. All they found was 25,000 kilos of gold in coin and bars, and in the rest of the buildings what seemed to the GIs like all the ammo in the world. The 1st Battalion then provided a sufficient guard.

Estimates of the value of the gold range up to 98 million dollars. The bullion was said to have been moved from Rome to Milan and thence to Fortezza by officials of the Bank of Italy as the Allies advanced up the boot.

The long corridors of the various buildings were stacked from floor to ceiling with ammo of every caliber from the smallest Italian pistol to German 88 mm. shells. There were boxes of P-38s, Lugers, half a truckload of German cameras, and even a collection of funny arms from Poland, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Spain.

"Whatever made the Krauts give up with all this left beats hell out of me," the itchy-fingered GIs guarding the arms said.

—Pfc. IRA FREEMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Triple TS

INDIA—Among American POWs released when the British captured Rangoon, 1st Lt. Robert E. Derrington enjoys a rare though dubious distinction.

Derrington, whose home is in Detroit, Mich., left Miami last Nov. 25 as pilot of a B-29 bound for the 20th Bomber Command. He arrived in India on Dec. 11. Three days later, on Dec. 14, he went along as an observer on a mission over Rangoon. The plane was hit and Derrington had to bail out with the rest of the crew. That night he was in a Jap prison camp—only 19 days after leaving the States and three days after arriving overseas.

"I've got three claims to a TS card," Derrington says. "Although I spent four and one-half months in a Jap prison camp, I have yet to earn my first six-month overseas bar. Although I'm a B-29 pilot, in five months overseas I haven't logged a single hour at the controls. And in all this time overseas, I've never seen a letter from home."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Shrewd Yankee Trader

ENGLAND—A bottle of whisky in London is about as rare as a summer day. The controlled price is 25 shillings ($6), but if you haven't known the shopkeeper for 10 years you will be lucky if he even lets you smell the cork. The only other source is through phony retailers, who charge anywhere from four to five pounds ($16 to $20).

That makes the action of one second lieutenant either screwy or just plain American. He walked into a bar and asked to buy a bottle of Scotch. The proprietor, in a hands-across-the-sea mood, took down a bottle from his tightly rationed stock and offered it to him for 25 shillings.

"No, no," the lieutenant said. "I want some real whisky, the kind that's sold for five pounds."

—Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Special Assignment

IRAN—The four GIs who make up the total EM strength of the U.S. Military Mission with the Iranian Army probably would spend their careers in the service unhonored and unsung were it not for one thing: As far as we can find out, their organization is the smallest in the U. S. Army with a shoulder patch all its own.

Better known locally as the "Ridley Mission" because it is headed by Maj. Gen. Clarence S. Ridley, the group arrived in October, 1942 and was originally composed of four officers. Now it is a 24-man outfit with, in addition to Gen. Ridley, three colonels, seven lieutenant colonels, six majors and three captains.

The four lone GIs are M/Sgt. Walter W. Hallifield of Ellijay, Ga., M/Sgt. Otto H. Unser of Little Falls, N. Y., M/Sgt. George E. Weniger of Corvallis, Ore., and S/Sgt. Elihu Schonfeld of Albany, N. Y. Hallifield and Unser are in motor maintenance, Weniger is a radio man and Schonfeld handles administration.

The mission is in Iran "by agreement with and at the request of the Iranian government." Its function is two-fold: To make the Service and Supply Forces of the Iranian Army "a more effective organization by looking over the Iranian Army system and making suggestions here and there and to screen demands against need in the Lend-Lease program."

Headquarters for the mission is in the palatial Ministry of War building in Teheran, but some of the officers spend their time out in the provinces. When special instructors are needed to demonstrate American Army methods to the Iranian brass, they are borrowed on TD from the Persian Gulf Command.

The mission's shoulder patch is distinctly Persian. The backfield is black (for convenience). On it, in gold, are a lion (for strength), a crown (for the kingdom), the sun (for the rising strength of the nation) and a sword (in attack). The Iranians are pleased with it and the GIs who wear it are proud of it.

The zebras are wondering how long the mission will live. "If they keep me here much longer," said Sgt. Schonfeld who has already sweated out 30 months, "I'll have to take out citizenship papers."

—Cpl. RAY McGOVERN
YANK Staff Correspondent

LOOKING BACKWARD. Wac-Pvt. Neeltje Zonnevylle, 25, migrated with her parents from her birthplace, the town of Schoondyke, Holland, in 1921. Twenty-four years later she came back and found her grandparents still living in war-torn Schoondyke.

No Funny Money

LIBERIA—Foreign exchange is no bother to GIs here, and for a very simple reason. Nobody uses Liberian money any more, not even the Liberians.

Transient and flying personnel at Roberts Field plunk down francs, shillings, rials and piasters at the finance window, expecting to receive some equally outlandish currency in return—and are pleasantly surprised to get good old American dollar bills.

The Liberian Government stopped minting money in 1905 and since January 1944 has only permitted American dollars as legal tender. This is discouraging to GIs who are looking for coin souvenirs, but everyone else has just one less headache.

—S/Sgt. GEORGE STEINBERG
YANK Field Correspondent

Good Germans

GARDELEGEN, GERMANY—GIs of the 102d Division who saw the bodies of 1,016 foreign workers burned alive in a barn here will never forget the 13th of April, date on which the atrocity occurred. Neither will 1,016 citizens of the community who were forced by Military Government to bury the bodies.

But a lot of people in the town still refuse to believe that the crime ever happened, and to some the important date is not April 13 at all. In the house of the town's most prominent doctor, somebody hunting for writing paper found a penmanship lesson book. A childish scrawl had imitated the sentence written above it in a mother's firm adult hand: "Never forget the 14th day of April 1945, for on that day the burgermeister of Gardelegen falsely betrayed the city to the Americans."

—Sgt. ALLAN ECKER
YANK Staff Correspondent

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WHAT'S COOKING

Some bright new dreams for the postwar world are in operation even now. One of them is a meal you can buy as a unit, pop into the special oven, and serve to your guests in 15 minutes.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

THE old, old comedy stuff about getting a full meal by swallowing a pellet out of a slot machine is becoming less and less funny. And more and more true to life.

Right now, if you fly the right places, you can get a partially precooked, quick-frozen meal of steak, French-fried potatoes and carrots all ready to eat in 15 minutes. And after you're finished you don't have to wash the dishes. You just toss them away.

This answer to the prayers of housewives and KPs is not one of those postwar promised-land snow jobs. Hundreds of packaged meals are already coming off a food-factory assembly line in Queens Village, New York. At the moment, however, civilians are not getting their hooks in because NATS—the Naval Air Transport Service—has the whole deal practically sewed up.

Several big food-products manufacturers have been experimenting with quick-frozen meals for some time, but the first outfit to hit the market on any large scale seems to be a company whose employees previously had nothing more to do with food than eating it three times a day. The outfit in question is the W. L. Maxson Corporation of New York City.

William L. Maxson, the company's headman, is probably not known by name to many GIs, but he should be. He perfected, and his company builds, the M45 quadruple mount for machine guns which got some praise as an antiaircraft rig when the Jerries were trying to eliminate our Remagen bridgehead. The Maxson company also builds several precision instruments and computing gadgets for the Army and Navy.

Maxson himself is a graduate of Annapolis. He invented the thing you used to see in the service stations which tells you how much gasoline has been pumped into the car and how much the gas costs. But the really important fact about Maxson is that he's a big man, weighs close to 300, and likes to eat.

Because it hasn't been easy of late years for a born chow hound to get along on civilian ration points, Maxson tried to figure out some way of keeping left-overs in edible shape so he could have a snack every now and then. And he was mindful that every time he snacked he got the fish eye for leaving a sinkful of dirty dishes. He talked over his double problem with some sympathetic dieticians and food chemists, and after only two and a half years of trying thissa and thatta he produced the Maxson Sky Plate.

The Maxson Sky Plate is a portable version of the old blue-plate dinner served in a dish with three grooves. The dish, made of lacquered cardboard, serves as the container for the Maxson meal. The meals themselves are prepared, assembly-line style, at the factory and loaded onto the lacquered plates a few minutes before the food is completely cooked.

A cardboard top is slapped on the plate and sealed with a plastic ring. Then the meals are wheeled into a sharp-freeze chamber. After four hours in this chamber at 20 below zero a steak is frozen so solid you can drive nails with it.

Until they're ready for shipment, the meals are kept in a holding chamber at minus 5 degrees. A refrigerated truck delivers them to customers. Currently, almost all the Sky Plates are delivered to Navy planes that fly the Atlantic. Aboard the plane they're stored in an insulated, but not refrigerated, balsa box until chow time. Then they're shoved into a special oven invented by Maxson, and in 15 minutes dinner is served.

Here's the Maxson version of a blue plate special.

This special oven is the main hitch in the Maxson scheme. An ordinary oven, it seems, dries the food. The Maxson Whirlwind Oven uses a fan arrangement that maintains an even heat and keeps the air moving all the time. The fan business is supposed to speed up the thawing process by removing the cold air from the food.

The oven used in Navy planes will take care of six Sky Plate meals at a time and weighs 33 pounds. It's not in production yet for retail sale, but tomorrow, or the day after, it will probably sell to housewives for from $15 to $25.

Maxson can't quote any price yet on how much his packaged meals will sell for out of the icebox at the corner grocery store. Too much depends on how quickly the public takes to his idea, and what happens to food prices. The usual rule-of-thumb on prices for frozen foods is that they cost at retail about one and a half times as much as the same foods would set you back if you bought them fresh. Maxson thinks he will be able to sell his meals at about the same price as an average meal in a restaurant.

The hard-eating inventor thinks that most of his customers will be people who want to whip up a quick dinner without much trouble. He seems justified in thinking that there are a lot of such people.

EVENTUALLY, the Maxson Sky Plate will be available in 50 different menus. Just now there are only six. The main offerings of these meals are steak, meat loaf, beef stew, corned-beef hash, ham steak and breaded veal cutlets—meat courses of which most home fronters have only the vaguest memory. Each plate comes with two vegetables, or one vegetable and hot bread. It all tastes good.

Several commercial airlines are trying to get Maxson Sky Plates for meal service in the air, but so far the Navy and some Army planes have a monopoly on the product. Meanwhile, other manufacturers are beginning to work out all kinds of packaged meals.

The ultimate aim of the manufacturers is to put out a meal in which there will be absolutely no waste. The next big development, obviously, will have to be a precooked, quick-frozen meal that you can eat plate and all. The plate, naturally, will be the dessert and conceivably better than the cake mother used to bake.

Shortly after the edible plate gets invented, we can start sweating out those slot-machine pellets. Ain't it gruesome?

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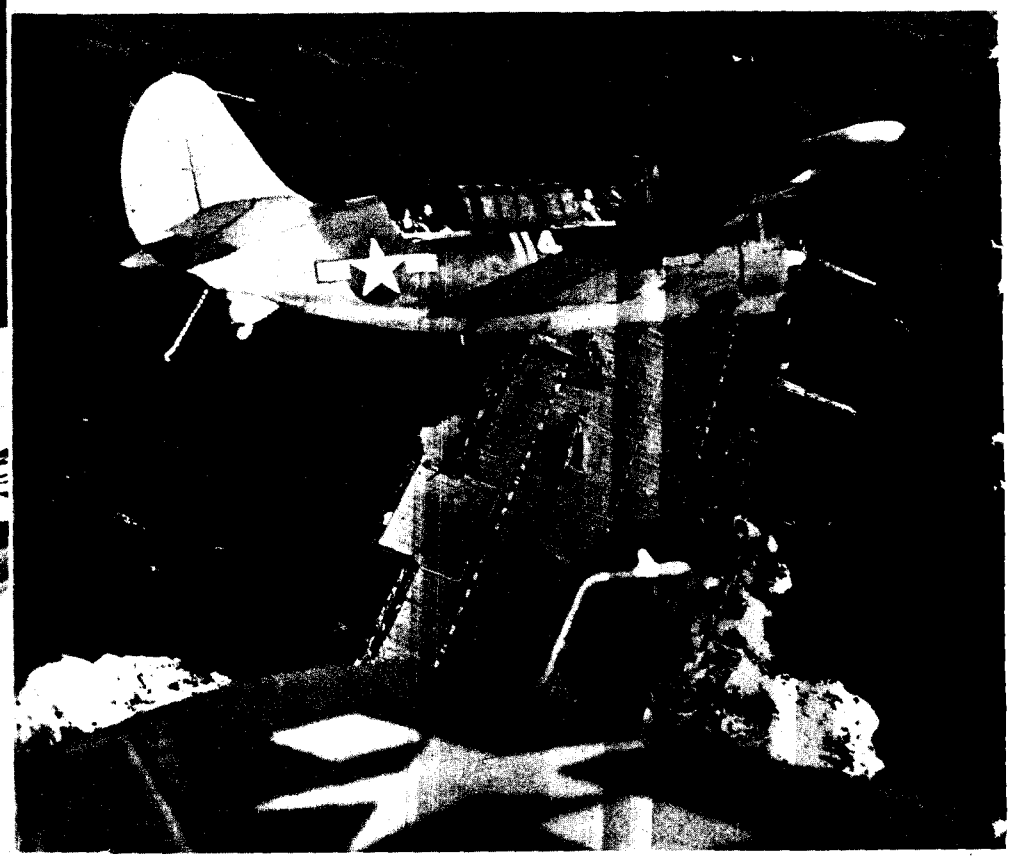
HANDLE BARS MT. As though his home state didn't have enough to its credit already, Sgt. Charles A. Kilpatrick of Cleburne, Tex., and the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, grew whiskers which were checked in at 7½ inches.

Cpl. Roy A. Ginstrom (left) and Cpl. Robert J. Yaegar look over the bill of fare of off duty classes given on Iwo Jima by officers and men of the 7th Fighter Command who have had some previous teaching experience as civilians.

FORTY WINKS. Lt. Mae Hanson, Navy nurse, takes a short nap on board a hospital plane of the Naval Air Transport Service in between taking care of her patients. The plane carried casualties from Okinawa to the Marianas.

Sgt. Jeanne A. Bolis, a Ninth Air Force Wac, met her grandmother, Mme. Marie Lapeyre of Trie, France, for the first time in Paris.

WHO, ME? Capt. Richard C. Suehr, Fifth Air Force pilot, reads his own death notice. He crashed in Philippine waters but native guerrillas rescued him.



The camera from another plane caught this Navy Curtiss Helldiver wheeling in for a landing on the deck of its carrier below. It had returned from a strike against Jap shipping. Other planes have landed before it.

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Show

AS OF THE WORLD

OKINAWA RBY. There wasn't much of a crowd at the finish line but these riders, Sgt. E. B. Seahlon and Pfc. Herbert Muff, rode their nags, two captured Jap ponies, as though they were at Churchill Downs instead of Okinawa.

Whitey Schafer, Paramount photographer, staged this gay picture to show what the Hays office won't let him do when he makes his still shots. It is verboten to include: *1)* the law defeated; *2)* the inside of a thigh; *3)* lace lingerie; *4)* a dead man; *5)* narcotics; *6)* drinking; *7)* an exposed bosom; *8)* gambling; *9)* pointing a gun; *10)* a tommy gun. That's how to keep it clean.

FAMILY AFFAI When his three sons went to war Sgt. A. C. Vanskike (third from left) went with them. All pfcs, they are (left to right) Louis E., Archie R., and Clarence E. They fought together in New Guinea and the Philippines.

RABBIT'S FEET. Since Pfc. James Hall has several of them at the moment, it's not surprising he was lucky enough to meet this French beauty, Mlle. Jacqueline Gerardin.

Following years of wartime blackouts, when Londoners walked cautiously in the dark, the lights went on again after VE-Day. In this picture the Houses of Parliament shine out under the floodlights. Big Ben stands at the right and the buildings are reflected in the river Thames.

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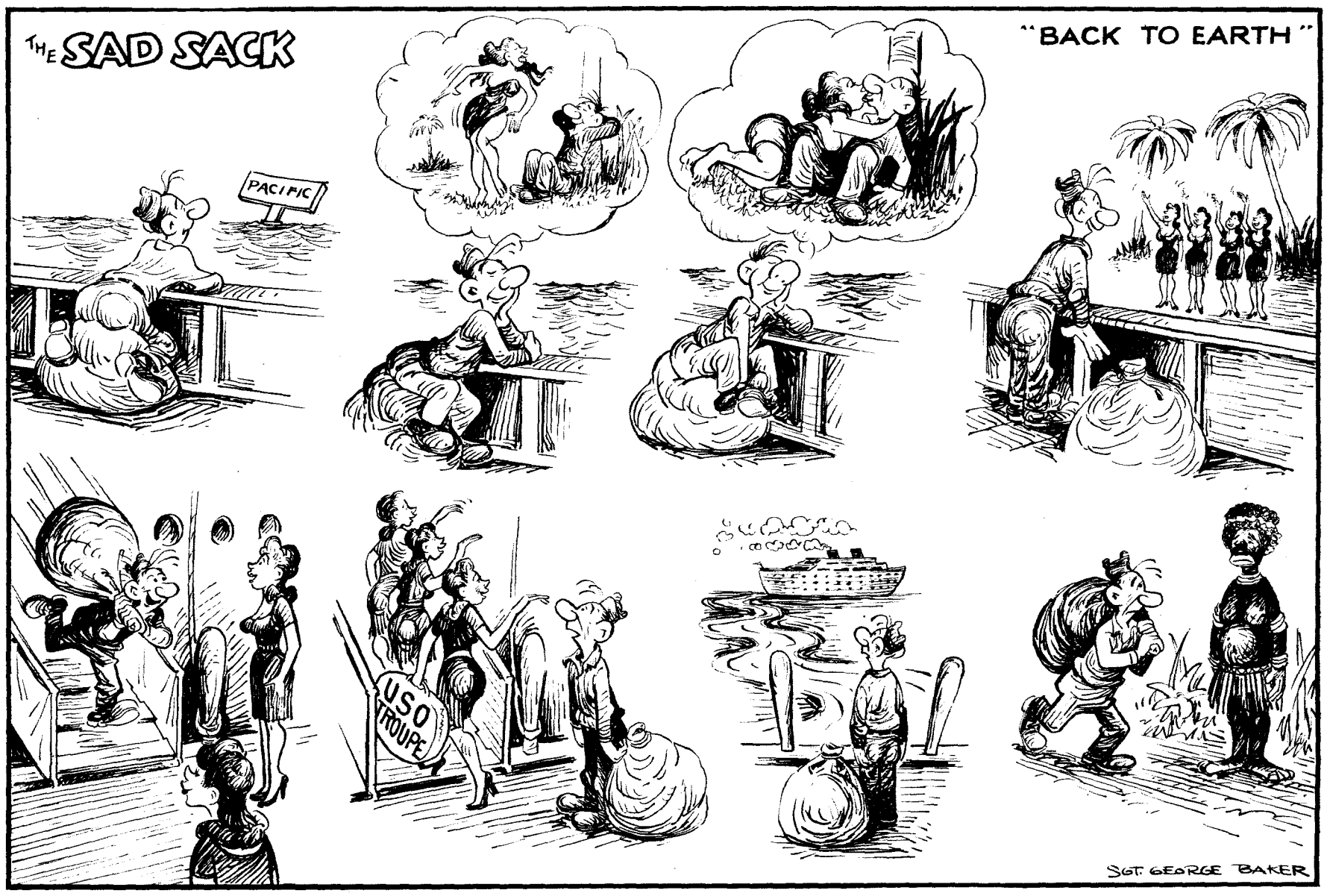

The Dubious Adventure of Nagio Kuisho

By Sgt. DALE KRAMER

THE PHILIPPINES—Nagio Kuisho gave a final polish to his shoes. When he stood up, his fresh-laundered uniform set nattily to his small body. He took off his horn-rimmed glasses and rubbed them to a careful brilliance with his handkerchief. Finally, with thumb and forefinger, he tucked his lips back until he had added a full quarter-inch expansion to his great white teeth, envy of the regiment.

An inscrutable smile spread slowly over the saffron features of Nagio Kuisho as he approached the orderly room. His hour was at hand. When his girl back in Yokohama, a babe named Putzy Nogo, heard the story of the events about to transpire she would once more open her arms, which had been closed at the time he busted out of OCS.

"Yessy sir, Honorable CO," Nagio Kuisho said smartly, using the Hollywood language lately adopted by crack units of the Japanese Army.

The CO looked Nagio closely up and down, his face falling slightly at finding no excuse for eating Nagio out. From the drawer of his desk the CO took an object about the size and shape of a large taw.

It was the turn of Nagio's face to fall. "Honorable sir," he said, trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice, "understanding me having big blomb."

The CO beamed. He happily ate Nagio for awhile, inquiring who the hell he thought he was to decide whether he was to have a big bomb or a little bomb. Anyhow, the brass was getting suspicious of big bombs. Too many men were blowing themselves up just for the hell of it.

After the CO had dismissed him, Nagio traveled many days, at first on foot and finally by swimming on a log. Sometimes he had nothing for dinner but a grain of rice. Mostly he sustained himself on thoughts of luscious, officer-loving Putzy Nogo.

At last the day came when Nagio Kuisho approached his destination, a large encampment of American troops. Nagio recognized the shed-like tropical building by the foot-high letters "AG" near the door.

Slowly he rose until he could see over the flimsy half wall. The CQ was engrossed in a copy of *True Comics* and, being only half way through, would certainly be engaged for another hour. Nagio's head and shoulders loomed above the wall. He gripped the miniature grenade in a sweating hand. The target was in sight. A vision of the soft form of Putzy Nogo rose before him as his arm swung snake-like over his head.

Nagio had not pitched for the Hirohito Street All-Stars for nothing. It was a direct hit. He hugged the ground, inwardly cursing the CO's niggardliness. But it was a reasonably large blast, forceful enough to carry a scrap of wreckage over the wall. Nagio scooped it up as he retreated. It was the handle, or crank, of some sort of small machine.

AT first the distardly act caused little excitement in the encampment. As a matter of fact, Nagio received no credit. A tech sergeant remembered that a T-5 named Thomas H. Moore Jr. had left a can of paint near the mimeograph machine. Since many of the hopelessly mangled parts were splashed with paint, it was assumed that the can had exploded.

The first sign of trouble, no bigger than a man's hand, appeared on the horizon shortly afterward when the adjutant, a Maj. Goodwork, suggested in a carrying voice that T-5 Thomas H. Moore Jr. be placed at his proper level in the service. Shortly thereafter an anemic second lieutenant tapped on the major's desk. "Beg to report, sir," he said, "your wishes concerning T-5 Thomas H. Moore Jr. will be carried out."

Maj. Goodwork looked at the lieutenant with the ancient sarcasm of Old Army men. "Lieutenant, you mean *Private* Thomas H. Moore Jr. don't you?"

"Beg to report that we will be unable to publish the order for some little time, sir," the lieutenant replied in the voice of a man on whom it is dawning that a crisis is at hand. "If you recall, sir, the mimeograph machine blew up a few hours ago."

That was the beginning. By afternoon:

1st Lt. O. L. Obolo, acting CO of C Company, had placed his enlisted personnel, including first-three-graders, on KP in the course of a tantrum brought on by knowledge that his expected promotion to captain was delayed indefinitely.

Garbage was piling up in the company streets for want of an official SOP on its disposal.

Maj. Goodwork had suffered apoplexy upon seeing T-5 stripes on the arm of Thomas H. Moore Jr.

The entire camp was uneasy because nothing new on proper uniform or military courtesy had been published for more than 24 hours.

Nineteen men who were being transferred from A to H Company, 14 men who were being transferred from H to B Company, 22 men who were being transferred from B to A Company, and 17 men who were being transferred from H to A Company were sitting in the streets on their barracks bags awaiting official orders.

The general's aides were in conference deciding the best method of breaking the news to him. It happened that the general had expressed his intention of departing for the States shortly after his leave and travel orders were published. He was under the impression that they had been.

The rest of the story doubtless will not be revealed until after peace. It is known, however, that one month later a famed military administrative wizard succeeded by unorthodox methods in getting four trucks of C rations to the camp. At present writing he has brought a degree of chaos out of the confusion by dissolving the organization and converting the entire camp into a casual depot.

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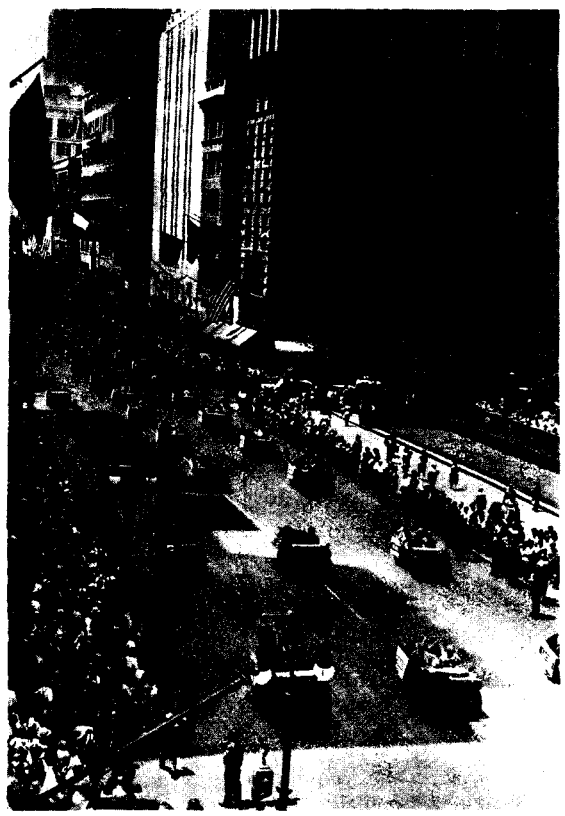
News From Home

Summer held full sway on the home front. In most parts of the country it was good and hot, and in most parts of the country the big news was the return of more and more men from the ETO. For many returnees, like the men of the 86th Division, home was only a way stop on the road to the Pacific. In a number of towns the celebration of Infantry Day was used to remind civilians that for most of the Army the war wasn't over; in New York City the point was stressed by a parade of Purple Heart veterans in jeeps. There was a lot of talk about veterans, and coupled with it was talk about the international postwar world that Prime Minister Churchill, Marshal Stalin and President Truman were getting ready to discuss.

Berlin Meeting. Ever since he entered the White House, President Truman has been saying that he wanted to talk with the chiefs of Britain and the U. S. S. R. Just two months after he took office, the time and place of the meeting were arranged. The place—the ruined capital of Nazidom, Berlin—struck most Americans as being just about the perfect spot.

Typical of home-front comment on the first meeting of the new Big Three was an editorial in the New York *Times*, which said: "The meeting is more important than its predecessors because it proves the continuity of American policy. The presence of a new President emphasizes that it is not a meeting of three men but of three nations.



New York crowds watch the Purple Heart Parade.

"But the chief reason for its greater importance is that the three leaders will meet for the first time to make peace instead of war in Europe. The time and circumstances of the meeting give it the character of a peace conference—perhaps *the* peace conference so far as Europe is concerned, since it is obvious that the chief victors cannot delay much longer in concerting their policy for the treatment of the vanquished and for the reorganization . . . of a disintegrated and prostrate Continent."

The President, however, was thinking in terms of war as well as peace. It was disclosed in Washington that it will take 75 percent as much money to fight a stepped-up war in the Pacific as it took to fight in both Europe and the Pacific. For the coming 12 months the War Department's military budget will be slightly more than $39 billion. Last January, in an estimate based on continuation of two-front fighting, the War Department had said it would need more than $45 billion.

Hospitals for Veterans. When quiet-spoken Gen. Omar N. Bradley takes over the Veterans' Administration in August, one of the first things he's expected to look into is the VA's scores of hospitals. A large number of individuals and organizations have been saying that the hospitals aren't well enough run.

The sharpest, most detailed criticism to date has come from the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In separate reports the Legion and the VFW recommended pretty complete overhauling of that section of the VA handling hospitalization. The Legion said that at best the VA offered hospitalization which was no better than the treatment available in "charity type" institutions and which wasn't up to the extra-high standards veterans of this and other wars deserve. The VFW said: "Inadequate hospitalization for discharged veterans was found in 47 percent of the hospitals operated by the Veterans' Administration."

In defense, the VA replied that it was difficult to obtain well-trained personnel in wartime to staff the hospitals, and one witness before a House investigating group said some attendants supplied VA hospitals by the Army weren't up to snuff. In view of the membership and influence of the Legion and the VFW, the organization's charges attracted wide attention and many Washington observers thought that improvement was bound to come.

Harvest Prospects. Surveying the nation's farms from its big building in Washington, the Department of Agriculture reported that despite manpower shortages and some bad spring weather, the American farmer, with any sort of luck, would have another banner year.

This year's wheat crop, if all goes well, will be the biggest ever—well over a billion bushels. Only twice before in history, in 1915 and 1944, have the great American plains yielded more than a billion bushels of wheat.

Total fruit production won't quite equal last year's record harvest, but it's expected to be high. There'll be fewer apples than usual, because frost this spring did lots of damage. There'll probably be more boxes of oranges this year than last, although Florida, because of a bad Southeast drought, won't do so well.

Corn was planted late this year because of rain and was way behind schedule in Missouri and Kansas and wasn't looking too good in Iowa because of a wet, cold May. On the other hand, oats and hay promise above-average production, and there's a record crop of Irish potatoes in prospect. As vegetarians if not as meat-eaters (the meat supply still looks bad) home-fronters should do okay this year.

Fatal Accident. In May, 1941, Herbert E. Swan of Buffalo, N. Y., was inducted into the Army. In February 1943, Pfc. Swan was taken prisoner in North Africa. Removed to Germany, he stayed in prison camps until Allied victory. A troopship brought him safely to the States, and he wired his family that he was catching a Washington-Buffalo express for home. His family laid plans to go to the station.

Outside Milton, Pa., an ore train of 103 cars was derailed when one of the cars buckled. Six cars were thrown across a parallel track. Down this track came the 14-car Dominion Express of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The crash, according to one veteran aboard the express, was "louder than anything I heard in Europe." In the collision 18 persons were killed. One of them was Pfc. Swan.

FLOODS IN MISSOURI. The town of Valley Park, Mo., was flooded when the Meramec River went on the rampage, reaching a crest of 33.6 feet. Other communities in Butler county were also under water.

[illegible]

In **Washington** the War Department announced that it had suspended its rotation plan in all theaters "now that Germany has surrendered." But personnel in active theaters may be returned to this country on 45-day temporary duty for recuperation if theater commanders so wish, the WD added. It was announced that families and fiancees of servicemen in occupied Europe might join them "when conditions permit." . . . In **Denver** people were kept awake by an endless roar of planes. Lowry Field officials explained the noise as the result of expanded transition training of B-29 crews getting ready to join in the Pacific war. . . . In **Chicago** Edward Kubek walked up to Aderek Kunje and socked him on the nose. "I never saw him before," Kunje complained. But Kubek said he had a good reason for hitting Kunje. "I knew without asking him that he wouldn't give me money for a drink." . . . In **St. Louis** the Board of Aldermen was talking of building an elevated flight strip big enough to accommodate transport planes in the downtown area near Union Station. . . . In **Detroit** the Army announced that a Japanese balloon carrying no bombs had fallen on Michigan in the recent past but declined to give details. . . . In **Dallas, Tex.,** housewives were faced with a fish shortage on top of the already serious one in meat. High winds on the Gulf of Mexico were blamed for a 50 percent drop in fish supplies. . . . In **Buffalo, N. Y.,** the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Church said it was "deeply disturbed that Army authorities have gone extensively into the brewing industry and are furnishing beer to our soldiers overseas."

SHIRLEY GRADUATES. Shirley Temple, 17, (center) joins her classmates in singing during graduation exercises at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles.

[illegible] IN THE NEWS

The War Department is prepared to terminate 90 percent of its contracts with industry within 48 hours after Japan surrenders, **Howard Bruce,** Director of Materiel for the WD, announced. Detroit would be the area hardest hit by a sudden cutback, he added. . . . **John Boettiger** and his wife, the former Anna Roosevelt, resigned as editor and co-editor of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* a William Randolph Hearst newspaper. . . . Hollywood people made more than their usual share of the news. Some items: **Judy Garland** married director Vincent Minnelli. Formerly she was the wife of Sgt. Dave Rose, once a studio musical arranger. **Joan Fontaine** got her final divorce decree from Brian Aherne, and **Constance Bennett** divorced ex-actor Gilbert Roland. In Manhattan **Jinx Falkenberg** married Lt. Col. John (Tex) McCrary, former newspaperman. Film comedian **Jack Carson** was classified 1-A despite a heart murmur he never knew he had. He's due to go into the Army when he finishes his current movie. . . . **T-3 William H. Mauldin,** 23-year-old Army cartoonist who won a Pulitzer Prize this year, returned to the States from Italy. He told the press: "A soldier's mind is his own property." . . . **Harry Bridges,** West Coast labor leader, learned that his estranged wife had charged him with being the father of a child born in New York City to a nightclub dancer. . . . In letters to **Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn** [D., Texas] and **Sen. Kenneth McKellar** [D., Tenn.], President Truman said he thought that Congressional salaries should eventually be raised from $10,000 to at least $15,000.

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SERVING THE EM

The Jap private takes a beating during his basic that makes our chicken look like pure gravy. He gets $1.50 a month at home and up to $2.25 more in combat zones. This is the third article in YANK's series on the Pacific War.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—How does it feel to be a member of the Jap armed forces?

There's a guy here named Joe who can tell you from personal experience. A native American of Japanese descent, Joe spent several years in college in Japan just before the war and belonged to the Jap ROTC. Talking to him here in Washington you get a good picture of how the Jap Army and Navy stack up.

The Jap EM in basic training, according to Joe, is probably the world's most beat-up character. A wrong turn while learning to march is good for a slap, dropping a rifle rates a kick, and spare moments are considered ideal time to run errands for NCOs and pfcs. Officers usually leave the rough stuff to the non-coms, but there have been reports of officers slapping EM unconscious. The men who got slapped stood respectfully at attention until they passed out.

Why, then, do they obey their officers and non-coms so faithfully? Joe has the answer from his own observation.

"They think being slapped, it's the natural thing," says the former cadet. "They know they can take it out eventually on new recruits."

There is a second reason, Joe believes—the extraordinary religious devotion of the Jap soldiers to their emperor.

"They're in uniform, and they're serving the emperor," Joe says of the much-abused Jap inductees. "What do they care if a few people in between knock them around?"

Hirohito may not have the brains of Einstein, the looks of Fredric March or the physique of Charles Atlas, but he's the emperor and that's what matters, Joe declared. "For two years before Hirohito's father died, he was insane and people knew it, but they still worshipped him because he was the emperor."

Getting caught in the draft is a high honor in Japan, the former Jap ROTC man will tell you. The man's friends all congratulate him, stressing the fact that he now stands an excellent chance of winning an honorary place in *Yasukuni*, the Jap military shrine for men killed in battle.

"They throw parties and escort him to the station," Joe recalls. "If he's important enough in the community, they hire a band. I don't know how the guy feels inside, but his friends put up a good show, and he does too. He has to."

Pretty soon the ex-civilian is doing chores for some "superior private" and is well along the way to winning for his family the medal that is sent to survivors of those killed in action. Or he may qualify for the special award given those who manage to die within three years of catching a disease in service.

In peacetime, city Japs took the *Yasukuni* stuff with a grain of salt, according to another informant here in Washington, a businessman of American parentage who was born in Japan. But even city Japs can be counted on to be fanatically pro-military in wartime, he adds.

When a Jap is inducted, he may apply for training as either an A or a B candidate, Joe reports. The A men are applicants for OCS, and the B men aspire to be non-coms. If a man is accepted as an A candidate, he goes to school and then gets a trial period in the field as a sergeant major, the equivalent of our master sergeant.

"That's where they're really watched," Joe says. "That's where they make you or break you." If he makes it, the officer candidate gets his commission as a second lieutenant.

A good many of the army and navy higher brass come from the Jap "upper classes," which means that they are descendants of the sword-swinging *Samurai*, professional warriors of several generations back. Lately, what with hara-kiri and the increase in the draft, even the class-conscious Jap Navy has had to lower the bars to admit any officer candidates capable of filling the mental, physical and character requirements.

Like all soldiers, the Japs are given to griping, but many, according to Joe, are better off in uniform than they were as civilians.

"The Japanese don't get much in civilian life," Joe says. "When you go in the army, you're at least assured of regular pay, even though the pay scale is ridiculous in our eyes. And the Japanese soldier has the respect of the people. When you're in the army, you're It. That is the way I felt when I was over there."

The pay scale, as Joe implies, would scarcely enable a Jap soldier to buy many American War Bonds. The equivalent of a four-star general gets the same base pay as an American master sergeant, and the lowest of the four grades of private draws only $1.50 a month, plus $2.25 for most overseas assignments. Different theaters draw different pay.

China is apparently considered the softest overseas touch, because a fourth-grade private there gets only $1.75 extra, while French Indo-China and Thailand entitle him to two bucks over his base pay. All other theaters rate the $2.25 extra.

The low Jap military wages aren't counteracted by low prices in the Jap PXs. Beer is a dime. A can of salmon sets the Jap soldier back 15 cents. A box of toothpicks is 3 cents, and a bottle of *sake* takes a Jap buck private's full week's pay—45 cents. *Sake*, for the information of ETO men who have not made its acquaintance, is an insipid sort of rice liquor about a third as strong as gin. It was a prize catch in the Pacific until the retreating Japs started putting *sake* labels on bottles of wood alcohol.

THE Jap chow situation is far worse even than in U. S. outfits where the cooks have been recruited from the motor pool. The Jap in the field usually cooks his own food, preparing it on a 24-hour basis. Rice, fish and a few vegetables are the mainstays, and even dehydrated seaweed is considered edible. But Jap food dumps sometimes turn up quite a few delicacies, too—canned clams, crabmeat, pineapples and plums.

There are no USO clubs or chaplains in the Jap military system, according to an American newspaperman who worked in Japan for several years, but the morale of the troops isn't altogether ignored by the home front. *Imon bukuro*, or "comfort bags," are mailed to soldiers by Japanese women "by the millions," says a woman missionary who spent more than 15 years in Japan and made many an *imon bukuro* herself. "We made them in our little church," she recalls.

In the *imon bukuro* the Jap gets caramels, chocolate bars and other candies, tooth brush and paste, needle and thread, writing materials, occasionally a pair of socks and usually a supply of toilet paper, which the Jap EM evidently has a hard time obtaining. Good-luck charms, like the loincloth-like Shintoist "belt of a thousand stitches," are also often included. The belts are supposed to protect the wearer from harm.

Theatrical troupes made up of *Takarazuka* girls tour the home islands and China, the missionary reports. These are vaudeville artists who get their name from the theater in which they perform. *Geisha* girls, who, contrary to general American opinion, are not always prostitutes, also give shows for the troops. The religious worker describes them as being well-dressed girls with a good education and an entertaining comedy patter. The Jap Army has employed out-and-out prostitutes, too.

By and large, the fact that the Jap soldier is fighting for the emperor is considered "enough morale in itself," on the word of a silver-leaf colonel in Washington whose detail is to keep posted on the Japanese. Every morning while in training the Jap soldier is read the "Imperial Rescript," a message written by a former emperor calling on every man to fight and die for him. When the going gets tough out in the field, officers sometimes read it as a pep talk.

The strength of the Jap Army lies in its abundant infantry, and the rifle is the infantry's pride even though Japs have a reputation for being poor shots. An American born in Japan says he believes that the wild marksmanship of the Japs is the result not of poor eyesight but of the army's stinginess in the use of ammo in training.

JAPS are taught that their rifles and bayonets are the equivalent of the swords of the old *Samurai* heroes and that once a man has put on a uniform and drawn a rifle he is a "reincarnation of the *Samurai*." Making use of the shoulder sling in the infantry is considered disrespectful to the weapon. The rifle must be carried by hand. Ammo carriers aren't issued rifles because they couldn't hold them in their hands. Even the artillery has a short issue on rifles.

"If we went on a 15-mile hike," Joe recalls, "we had to carry the rifle on our shoulder. We were told the strap is there because it's there but it's not to be used."

Fortunately for us, Japanese emphasis on the rifle seems to have retarded development of modern tanks and artillery. Although Jap tanks and artillery have lately been improved, many observers think the improvement has come too late.

Originally, the Jap Army was built largely on French doctrines, but German influence crept in later. Jap generals went to France—and later to Germany—to study. Jap ordnance also drew heavily from France, and the light French Schneider designs still dominate the Jap artillery. The French influence is seen particularly on such guns as the 1929-model 150-mm tractor-drawn long rifle, the 1930 75, the 1932 105 and the 1936 150-mm howitzer.

In very recent years the Japs had observers with the *Wehrmacht*, so that a lot of German ideas have cropped up in Jap rockets, guided missiles, antitank devices and the placement of ack-ack. There are signs that German technicians have visited Jap factories.

The Russians, in a left-handed way, have also had an influence on the Jap Army. In the clashes with the Russians along the Manchurian border in the past dozen years, the Japs saw that Soviet armor, planes and artillery had quite an edge on their own. They began building armored divisions, but these are described as pretty poor.

The Jap Army lists four theaters of operation or "groups of armies," as Tokyo calls them: the China Expeditionary Army; the Southern Army (which still holds the Netherlands East Indies but has taken beatings in the Philippines, Burma and the South and Southwest Pacific generally); the Kwangtung Armies in Manchuria and the Armies for the Defense of Japan Proper.

The Jap "groups of armies" are in turn divided into "area armies," which are similar to U. S. armies, and these are broken into just plain "armies" that correspond to U. S. corps.

The Japs have two kinds of infantry divisions—the triangular, with from 15,000 to 20,000 men, and the brigaded division, with about 12,000 men. There seems to be a particularly large number of brigaded divisions in China.

The three-sided divisions, in addition to three infantry regiments, have a regiment of field or

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mountain artillery with 36 guns ranging from 75s to 150s. There is also a reconnaissance regiment —either cavalry or a dozen tanks.

The lighter brigaded divisions sometimes have no artillery at all. They have no regiments either —just four 1,000-man infantry battalions under each of two brigade headquarters.

The Jap rifle squad consists of an unlucky 13 men. Ten are riflemen, two ammo carriers, and one is a light machine gunner. He uses either the high-pitched old .25 caliber gun or a new type with a .30 caliber slug. Jap ammo, incidentally, won't work in our weapons.

One big difference between the American and Jap armed forces is at the top. Instead of being responsible to a civilian government as our army is, the armed forces run the government. A Japanese cabinet is required to include an army and navy representative from the active list, so all the armed forces need to do to throw out a cabinet they dislike is to withdraw their men. The army broke a cabinet that way in 1940.

Furthermore, armies in the field have been known to decide foreign policy without consulting the government. Some experts here in Washington say that in 1931 the army started

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the war known as "Manchuria incident" without even bothering to notify the Jap Foreign Office.

This system of military control, political students say, discourages any feeling of personal responsibility for the government or the success of the war effort on the part of ordinary civilians. Now that the war is going badly and bombs are falling on Japan's cities, some quarters here think that the military leaders are less indifferent to home-front ideas.

The recent inclusion of "moderates" in the cabinet is seen as a sign that the militarists hope that by giving civilians more power they can keep an all-out home-front spirit whipped up. The militarists, some students think, fear that if they reserve all power to themselves, civilians will regard the fate of the Japanese government as strictly up to the military and lose enthusiasm for the war.

If you ask Pentagon officials whether the Jap Army and Navy are modern, they reply with another question: "Could a second-rate force inflict so many casualties on our Army, Navy and Marines at Okinawa?"

In motorization, officials add, the Japs are not nearly the equal of the Germans. Infantry divisions are still essentially horse-drawn, although the Japs have been doing their best to switch to gasoline. On Luzon the Japs were quickly cut up because they weren't motorized, and they run the risk of being cut up whenever there is fighting in open country.

Jap air strength is numerically much inferior to American, but the WD warns that with the Jap air force compressed in the homeland, it's capable of "determined" torpedo and dive-bomber attacks on Allied carriers and amphibious forces. Anyone who has seen a *Kamikaze* suicide pilot come through the ceiling will be perfectly willing to agree.

The Jap Navy is now down to little more than a "small-sized task force," on the word of a Navy officer who is just finishing a book on Japanese seapower. The Navy, he says, "presents nowhere near the threat land-based air does. You can see that from the fact that our bombers concentrate not on shipyards but on factories and air bases."

While the French, and, later, the Germans were giving the Japs lessons in how to run an army, the British taught them about navies and even built many of their early ships. One British-built battleship, the *Kongo*, is still listed in Japan's first line even though now at least 40 years old. Since the war, the Japs have been building ships as fast as possible, but the few-hundred-thousand tons they've turned out can't replace the tonnage lost by sinkings. The result is that the Jap Navy is now not one-third as large as it was at the time of Pearl Harbor.

According to a recent estimate by the U. S. Navy Department, the Jap Navy currently numbers about 75 ships — half a dozen battleships with guns 16-inch or better, 6 to 10 carriers, 10 to 15 cruisers and some 40 cans.

The Jap Navy, the experts say, can interfere to some extent with future landings if it wants to commit suicide. Although the Jap Navy has generally preferred to run instead of fight, a Tokyo broadcast some weeks ago claimed that the 45,000-ton super battleship *Yamato*, which was sunk off Okinawa, was engaged in a suicide mission when it went down. And so the possibility of a last-gasp battle remains.

The Jap Navy used to be all-volunteer, but is now half-draftee. The American Navy rates the Jap sailor a good seaman but says he's handicapped by a job-jealous policy that keeps a man from learning the work of the man next to or above him. Accordingly, losses of *junshikan* (warrant officers) and *joto heiso* (petty officers) have been hard to make up.

The Jap sailor is not cuffed around as much as the soldier.

"You'd expect them to treat the sailor better," a Navy man says. "Mutinies are much more dangerous at sea."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

ON Omaha Beach, Normandy, where American troops invaded the Continent, French children now play hopscotch against a background of scuttled ships. For more of Cpl. Pat Coffey's pictures and a story of the Normandy beaches today, see pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3, 4 and 5—Cpl. Pat Coffey. 7—Sgt. Lon Wilson. 10—Upper, U. S. Navy; lower, 9th Air Force. 11—W. L. Maxon. 12—Upper left, 15th AFSC; lower left, Wide World; upper right, AAF; others, Acme. 13—Upper left, Vernon Roberts Slc; center, Coast Guard; lower left, Signal Corps; upper right, Whitey Schafer, Paramount; lower right, Wide World. 20—Bagby Photo. 22 & 23—Wide World, INP.

Non-Frat

Dear YANK:

I am an MP and for many months I have dealt with the German people. I find the Germans are beaten but not totally defeated. The victory of war was only a stepping-stone so we could grasp with a firm grip the Nazi doctrine of tyranny and destroy it. The war is over but all that Nazism strived for and stands for is still alive.

Truth was deftly twisted to form a lie and was imbedded deep in the German mind. Now, only education taking years of time will undo this evil. Until this flame of Nazism is extinguished there shall be no peace. The civilians all knew of the existence and horrors of torture camps. What did they do about it? They didn't condemn this system of terror. Instead, they aggressively worked and built the Nazi machine. . . .

In time fraternization will be lifted but not now, for civilians are still Nazis. To be friendly now will weaken the foundation of the structure we are trying to build. Germany is an outlaw nation and all its people are responsible for its campaign of terror and destruction. They must now pay the penalty for their crimes against the free peoples of the world.

To fraternize is to forgive.

Germany —Pvt. MURRAY RODMAN

GI Forgotten Men

Dear YANK:

. . . Back before Pearl Harbor, when a pilot was considered something rare and a good one was almost impossible to find, there were a few civilians that had a CAA commercial and instructor's rating. When the war began to look serious, the Army suddenly realized that someone would have to teach someone how to fly. So they assembled all of the civilian pilots and put them to work instructing Army aviation cadets how to fly. These civilian primary instructors must have done a pretty good job, because they tell us we have the finest Air Force in the world.

After a year had gone by, the Army offered some of us first lieutenant commissions in the Air Corps, but our contract-flying-school supervisors informed us that they would not give us a release.

About two years later, the Army suddenly decided that they had about all of the pilots they needed. They began closing down most of the primary schools, so they offered to take these "inexperienced" pilots and send them to "school" and make flight officers out of them. They were placed in the ATC and were given jobs flying cargo and delivering planes all over the world. Some of them are flying the Hump in India, others are flying pursuit ships to Alaska.

When the war is over and they start letting all the boys with overseas service out, I guess we will still be the Sad Sacks of the Air Corps. We are not commissioned officers and we're not enlisted men; we're some kind of appointment by the President. Although we have an average of about 4,000 hours of flying time put in for Uncle Sam in Uncle Sam's airplanes, and many of our students are majors and colonels, returned heroes, we can't help but feel that we should be able to count some of the time that we spent teaching these boys how to fly toward our getting out of the Army. . . . —F/Os Of The Northern Pool

Gore Field, Mont.

More Points

Dear YANK:

We are the men over 35.

We had our own private war, you will remember. Or rather our section of it, the Dirty Thirties, in the perpetual war for existence. We grubbed along the best we could, and that wasn't very well. It was many degrees below what we like to think of as the American standard. We came through it, into the forties, and greener fields were then in view. And Uncle Sam beckoned. We've no kick on this, you understand; it was everybody's war, and that would include us.

We went through basic training, which is definitely not designed for men like us. No kick again, you understand; this is everybody's war. We were amazed at the vigor and drive and boisterousness of the young in this young man's army, and sometimes a little annoyed, perhaps. But we had learned one lesson in those thirties, the lesson of adjustment. We tried to make all the necessary adjustments in our minds, though nature didn't cooperate by making the required adjustments in the body. We got through basic, not griping about it much more than anyone else.

We've been fortunate, a lot of us, we suppose, because we were considered too old for front-line combat. Some weren't. But a large proportion of us probably wound up as cooks and clerks and the like. Too old for combat; add that to the other petty and private humiliations stored inside. Not too old for service, though at times we wondered if we wouldn't have been a little more valuable sitting somewhere where we knew more about the job at hand. So many of us just sat. That isn't very dangerous, but it is boring, though we probably shouldn't kick.

Germany was on the way out, we learned, from day to day, and there were rumors about demobilization, a partial demobilization. Some of us had kids and combat credits and long months of service. But, then again, some of us didn't. But there were rumors about age being a factor. It wouldn't be the whole factor, or even half, as it is in the British system. But it would be included in the computation, never fear of that. It wasn't. Excepting those over 40.

There are about a half million of us below the rank of second lieutenant. And we who are left are still sitting. And the boys who are getting out deserve to get out.

We are the men over 35.

And we think we were robbed, don't you?

Hawaii —Cpl. WILLIAM GAULT*

*Also signed by nine others

Dear YANK:

Can anyone answer my question? I am 27, two years in service (none overseas, despite three requests to go) and I have one wife and one child—pre-Pearl Harbor.

The wife and child pay rent of $50 per month—in the family home for the last seven years. Utilities, food, clothing, drugs and other essentials run to over $100 per month. Since they get $80 from the government, the cost to me is $70 per month. Or it was, but I had nearly $2,000 in savings when I came in—now, that saving is gone. No more money is available.

I have 37 points, and finally am leaving for overseas combat (which is OK by me). What will the family do? The baby is too young for the wife to work, cheaper living is next to impossible with present shortages of housing and everything else.

At least, the pension and insurance amount to $115—that is better than $80. Maybe some rough combat would help.

—Pre-Pearl Harbor Father

Port of Embarkation

Dear YANK:

. . . My outfit here in this school is made up almost entirely of vets, of two or more years overseas. All have been awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge. This award is regarded as the highest by the top men of the Army Ground Forces. If this award is rated so highly then why don't we get points for it?

We believe it is at least equal to the Air Corps Air Medal, which they receive for every five missions. If this award isn't worth any points, the Government should salvage all these badges and manufacture Oak Leaf Clusters for the Air Medal.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. R. KALLENBERGER

Dear YANK:

Soldiers with dependents, that is children, are given preference. Why extend that just to men with wives and children? As for myself, I have a mother back home, nearing the age of 70. Being in poor health and because of her age she is unable to work and support herself. Why can't this situation be considered along with the many other problems arising in this program?

Burma —Cpl. DON STROEBEL

No Dutch Nickel

Dear YANK:

Many things happen in New Guinea. Sometimes it rains, sometimes it gets hot. But worst of all is the money system. It goes like this. You are paid in the Dutch guilder. A guilder is worth 53 cents American.

In the PX two cartons of cigarettes cost one buck American or two bucks (guilders) Dutch. If you have Dutch, you have to pay one buck and six cents. By this simple transaction you have lost six percent of your total spending power.

Now more trouble. A bar of candy costs 2½ cents American or 5 cents Dutch. Since this is an American PX, American money is no good, so we use Dutch money. But someone forgot to put nickels in the Dutch money system. We buy the bar of candy for 5 cents Dutch, but we don't get any change from the dime we give them. So the PX clerk suggests we take a pencil so that we won't feel cheated in not getting change.

Twice a day we stand in line at the PX to buy one bar of candy. And twice a day we get one pencil. Which makes two pencils a day, even in lower mathematics. This is going to be a long war. Maybe two years. At the end of two years each individual in New Guinea has exactly 1460 pencils.

"Finally, we told him we were damn well fed up hearing about Brooklyn."
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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The best solution is to abolish all Dutch money in New Guinea and have the Finance Department corner the two-by-four market. Then each pay day we would get paid in wood with, of course, an extra added piece for overseas pay. We could whip out our trusty pen-knives and whittle off a nickel. This way the Eversharp people wouldn't have to go out of business and I could find room in my duffel bag for clothes.

Moratai —Sgt. JOHN METCALFE

Rockers in Reverse

Dear YANK:

While observing one of our sergeants sewing on his newly earned chevrons the other day I had a brainstorm. I think it would be a good idea if they called the lowest ranking non-commissioned officer in the Army a master sergeant and worked up to the pfc as the highest non-com. I find that it would be a lot easier to buy the master sergeant chevrons and keep cutting them down as a person advances in the Army instead of going to all the trouble of buying new ones and sewing them on with every advancement.

Camp Blanding, Fla. —Cpl. STUART PERCHY

PX Foul-up?

Dear YANK:

Something has a peculiar odor down here at Kwajalein and it isn't the dead Japs.

How well I remember a few years back when I was a civilian and things were just beginning to get difficult to purchase. This is what I was told: "Oh, everything is going to the soldiers and the armed forces." Then I was inducted and, while in the States the famous phrase was: "The boys overseas are getting it." Well, then it was my turn to take that boat ride. The saying went like this, "The boys down under are getting everything now." I believed all this, but now that I'm down under things are much different. If we're lucky we get a few cans of beer and maybe a couple of bottles of coke, but our luck is usually bad and it's the same story with all PX supplies.

The poor Joes in combat see very little of these items, so now I ask you, who is getting these articles?

Kwajalein —Cpl. AL MARTIGNETTI*

*Also signed by four others.

Female Feather Merchants

Dear YANK:

So the civilian girls want to go overseas. They want to see all the places they've read about since the beginning of the war. They studied French in high school and want to go to Paris. They want to see what the ravages of war have done to Switzerland. And the Arabs are so romantic!!!

Of course the pay has nothing to do with it. Seventy dollars a week is no attraction. Your article on the subject in a recent issue made me ill!

Like so many other girls, I am working for $50 a month—not for eight hours a day with overtime for the sixth day. We do our jobs plus latrine detail, KP, drill, inspections, and with Army discipline thrown in. We all want to go overseas, too, but not as feather merchants. The services have been crying for girls for three years and they are all vitally needed, but the civilian girls want to go overseas to see their boy friends. Their patriotism and spirit is indeed commendable.

Why don't they join the Army?

Miami, Fla. —Pvt. MARGARET DEVLIN*

*Also signed by five others.

War Criminals

Dear YANK:

The record of the handling of war criminals after the last war is astounding. Not a single murderer was really brought to justice. A few were tried by the Germans themselves, believe it or not, and received small sentences. Even those gangsters were permitted to escape, and the whole world knows how well the Kaiser was treated.

Are the guilty war lords and their stooges to escape again? If they do then the world will be faced with the deadliest conflagration beside which this war will be insignificant. Whole cities may be levelled to the ground by flying bombs set off by the mere pushing of a button. We owe it to our buddies who gallantly fought and died in this war to make certain that it does not happen again.

A commission of representatives from all the countries who were at war with Germany, as of June 1944, (so as to exclude Spain and Argentina), could make a list of all those who are considered war criminals. It would include Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, Hess, Von Runstedt, Von Papen, Ribbentrop, Schacht, Krupp, Thyssen and many other similar murderers who there can be no doubt have been the main figures in the instigation and carrying out of the war. It should include all members of the Nazi party, the German General Staff, the storm troopers, the *Gestapo*, and last but by no means least those behind-the-scenes murderers among the industrialists and businessmen of Germany. They should all be shot without delay. Everyone knows they are guilty and it would be a waste of time and money to try them. They gave no trials or delay to the millions of innocent victims, including defenseless women and children.

Those men who are in what we might call the doubtful class could be investigated at once, tried by court-martial, and receive punishment or exoneration according to the findings of the court.

Everyone was satisfied with the way the Duce was disposed of. Let us not be less vigorous in ridding this world of the rest of the murderers.

Camp Barkeley, Texas —S/Sgt. A. E. HARRIS

Ties in Panama

Dear YANK:

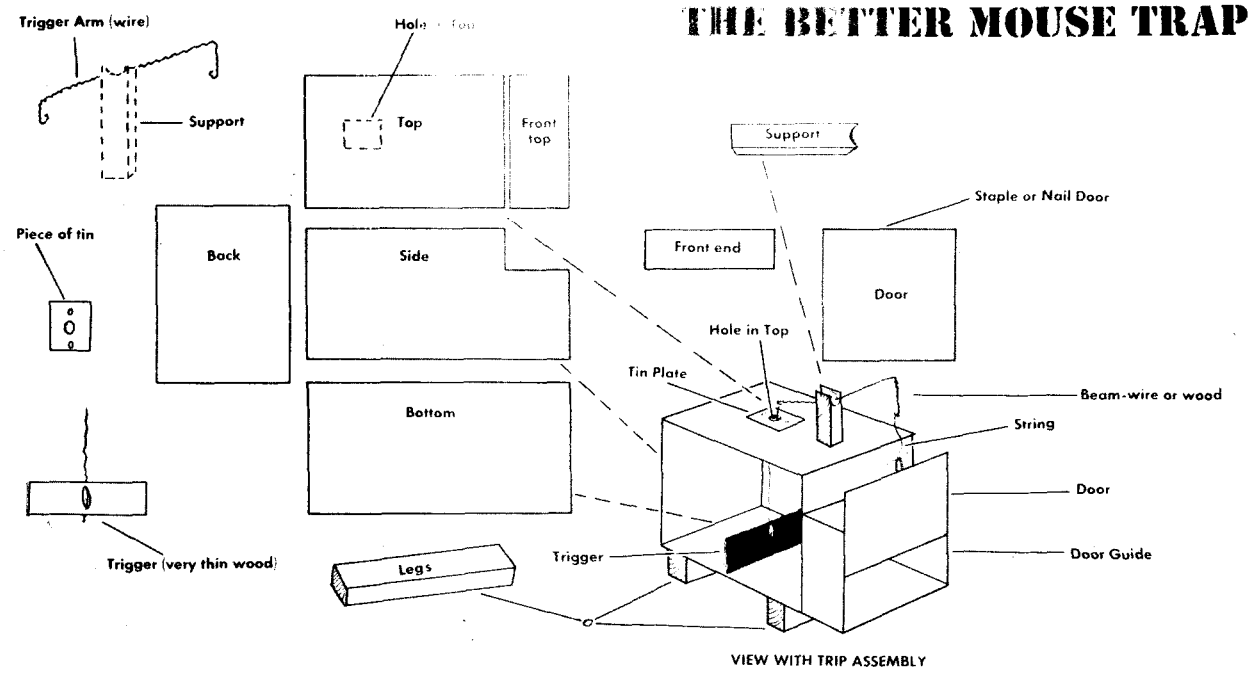
We've got a kick that we'd like aired. Now that VE-Day is here and passed and we've emerged from our foxholes after fighting the war of Panama, the powers that be have decided that to keep themselves busy they'll have to begin thinking up changes in existing regulations. The latest is the order that all men will wear neckties after 1800 on and off the posts and all times off duty.

The fact that the climate is incommensurate with the order has evidently never been taken into consideration. When many of us arrived in the Department, no ties were required, even in town.

Panama —S/Sgt. KENNETH E. BRIGHAM*

*Also signed by 26 others.

THE BETTER MOUSE TRAP



VIEW WITH TRIP ASSEMBLY

Better Mousetrap

Dear YANK:

The standard of living has risen steadily since we hit this rock. First we lived in pup tents, then pyramidals, and now we have pyramidals with floors in them. Our showers, which used to be indiscriminate wettings with a decontamination truck are now real showers. Everything was better but the mouse situation remained the same (terrible) until my tentmate Smitty made a mousetrap.

It was a simple trap, essentially the same as the one pictured here. In fact it was so simple I didn't think it would work, so I made one too. My mousetrap was beautifully complex in its workings but it wasn't worth a darn. It was all tin and mice dislike tin and refused to patronize my establishment. One night we set our traps side by side to see which one was the best. In the morning Smitty had a mouse and I had none. This happened several times so I gave it up as a bad job. I tried two more traps of my own design but they weren't any good and Smitty still packed 'em in, sometimes as many as five a day. We estimate that Smitty's trap has at least 50 mice to its credit but we lost count at 34.

Then Smitty moved away, taking his trap with him. In a few weeks the mice got so bad I had to make another trap. This time I copied Smitty's proven design and added a couple of modifications of my own. His trap was ideal except for two things: ants got at the bait, and once the mouse was caught alive, we had difficulty removing him from the trap for killing.

The ant problem was solved by adding legs to the trap and saturating the legs with insect repellent or spray from an aerosol bomb. The aerosol treatment is the best.

We removed the mice from the old trap by holding an old shirt sleeve (closed at one end) up to the door and then shaking the mouse into the sleeve and then holding the untied end closed with our hand. We lost a few mice due to incorrect holding of the sleeve so I made a sort of tube entrance on my new trap. The sleeve can be wrapped around the tube securely and the mouse shaken into the sleeve without difficulty.

The trap can be made from the sides of a ration box or any other thin wood. The drawings don't have dimensions on them because they will vary with the size of the mice you have, and the ideas you have. If you use a ration box as your source of raw material you will have wood, nails and sometimes even wire all in one. The main things to remember are to have the door free sliding, to keep the trip working as easy as possible and to make the trigger as light as possible. The lighter the trigger the faster the action. The catch is set on the front edge of the hole in the piece of tin, then the trap will go off when the mouse tries to go over, under, or around the trigger. The trigger itself is a piece of wood one-half inch thick and about one and one-quarter inch wide. It should have about one-quarter inch clearance. at the sides and bottom so when the trap is set the mouse can see the cheese behind the trigger.

After you have the mouse in the sleeve, swing him round your head a few dozen times. This makes him so dizzy that you can kill him anyway you like. He will drown almost immediately if placed in a bucket half full of water while in such a condition.

Marianas —Pfc. GEORGE A. WALLACE

Naked Tyranny

Dear YANK:

To submit this nation to conscription after this war is to admit complete bankruptcy of all the ideals for which we profess to be fighting.

Conscription is naked tyranny. It relieves the masses of all voice in the matter of going to war. If the masses of humanity had their say, their wisdom would have no war, for theirs is never the profit. Conscription in all nations at war today is mute testimony to this fact. . . .

Conscription breeds conscription. Once a nation adopts it in fear, or for aggression, all other nations must inevitably follow suit—sealing the doom of the human race in self-annihilation. . . .

If we adopt conscription after this war, it is a frank admission that we have pledged ourselves to fight another World War.

Dutch East Indies —Cpl. JAMES J. CASEY

Service Record

Dear YANK:

Every day men are being discharged from the armed services, and every day the various branches of the War Department are being taxed for individual service-record data. Usually they want the name of a pre-service employer or an authentic written confirmation of Army experience to satisfy a potential employer's curiosity. This will certainly prove a source of added expense and red tape to the War Department as well as to the serviceman.

. . . How to eliminate this situation? Simple. Upon discharge present the happy GI with a photostatic copy of both sides of his original form 20, along with his usual discharge papers. Imagine having all your pre-and-active-service information available through the years to follow.

Marianas —Pfc. CHARLES S. BELLIN

Strictly GI

Overseas Service For Men 39. Enlisted men who have reached their 39th birthday will not be sent overseas unless they state in writing that they want to go and also waive their eligibility for discharge under sec. II, *Circular 151 WD 1945* (which provides for the release of men of 40) for such a period as will enable them to serve overseas 12 months.

Illinois Primary. The State of Illinois will hold a special primary election for a Congressional Representative for the 24th Congressional District on July 31. To apply for a ballot. soldiers from this district may use the postcard supplied by the Army on request. The state began mailing absentee ballots to soldiers requesting them on June 16; these must be received by appropriate state officials not later than July 31.

Allied Strength in Europe. The Secretary of War disclosed at a recent press conference the Allied ground strength mustered against Germany in Western Europe. The forces under General Dwight D. Eisenhower included 60 American divisions, comprising three airborne, 15 armored and 42 infantry divisions. There were also 14 British divisions, five Canadian, 11 French and one Polish division. In Italy seven American divisions were included among the Allied forces.

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So Long!

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER

GERMANY—When Hayward came into the orderly room, the captain was sitting at what had once been a dining room table, and Hayward didn't salute him, deliberately didn't salute him.

The captain had been reading his home-town newspaper and when he looked up Hayward noticed for the first time how old he looked for his age. The captain was 25, as every man in the company knew, and he had just been graduated from college when he got in the Army, and, as everybody always said, had never even held a job and, everybody always added, was too young to have a company anyway. But in the twilight the captain looked old, and Hayward saw that there were flecks of gray in his hair and that the circles under his eyes were dark and permanent-looking.

"The jeep'll be here in about 10 minutes," the captain said, glancing at his watch.

"Yes," said Hayward, consciously omitting the "sir."

"Well, it won't be long now, will it?" the captain asked.

"No," said Hayward, mimicking his tone ever so slightly. "It won't be long now."

"You all fixed up, your service record and everything?" the captain asked.

"All fixed up."

"I guess you'll be wearing that blue serge in a month or so."

"I'm planning on tweeds," said Hayward, "nice soft tweeds, maybe a brown, and a red necktie, I think, and brogans, two-tone brogans and a snap-brim hat. And silk socks. Certainly silk socks."

"Well," said the captain, and repeated, "Well, you'll stop in for a drink at the Commodore Bar when you get off the train at Grand Central and you'll get a taxi and ride up 42d Street and turn off on Fifth and maybe cruise around for a while, and there'll be the girl, and you'll stop some place with her and eat, and you'll have thick steak and onions and fresh strawberries—there'll be strawberries, won't there?—and coffee, several cups of coffee in thin porcelain cups, and then maybe a benedictine and brandy. And then—God knows what then."

"No strawberries," said Hayward. "Strawberries won't be in season. I'll have a deep-dish apple pie, I think, and a slab of Roquefort cheese. And scotch and soda, no brandy. You can have brandy here. Cognac. Brandy. But no scotch. Never any scotch."

"You're perfectly right," said the captain. "Perfectly right."

"Well," said Hayward, "I better be going now. I mean I want to say good-by to the boys."

"I guess I'll be staying," said the captain. "I guess I'll stay right here."

It was true that Hayward had never liked the captain, but he remembered the night in the Ardennes. They were out of touch with Battalion and with Regiment and Division, and everyone said they were surrounded by paratroopers and *SS* and nothing was happening and it was worse than if something was. They talked in whispers because they were afraid. Nobody said it but everybody knew it, and they were just waiting in the little Belgian farm house. "We're probably surrounded," someone said. "The bastards are probably all around us, and we don't know it." "So long to B Company. B Company kaput." "Whyn't we go back?" asked someone. "Regiment and Battalion have probably pulled back and we're sitting here. Like ducks. Like shooting gallery ducks. If he had some sense, we'd pull out." The captain had come in from outside in time to hear what was being said and he had looked old that night too, although he was younger than most of the men in the room. "I guess we'll be staying," he had said. "I guess we'll stay right here." That was all he said, but it was enough.

The captain stood up and held out his hand, and Hayward shook it firmly and remembered that he had never shaken the captain's hand before and wanted to say something but didn't. Just remembered that in three years in the company he had never happened to shake the captain's hand before.

"Good luck," the captain said.

"Thanks," said Hayward, and that was all. He did not add the "sir."

The radio was on in the billet, and the small Nazi flag was still on the table, along with the Bible, just as they had found it. There was a poker game going on, and a couple of men were reading books. There was some conversation.

Hayward's bag was standing by his bed, his overcoat flung over it.

"All I need is a cluster for my Purple Heart, one tiny piece of shrapnel in a leg and one goddam cluster, and that'd make 87 points and I'd be going with you."

"Or one more battle star," added someone else. "What the hell, we'd never've noticed one more small battle."

"You're a lucky bastard," said Shumaker, "a lucky bastard."

Shumaker had said that in the Huertgen, too. Hayward could not remember who it was now, one of those replacements who'd been evacuated with what had seemed a slight wound, and they had just heard that he had died in a battalion aid station, and they were expecting a counterattack and there were tree bursts and it was around zero. Shumaker had said the same thing then and in almost the same way. "He's a lucky bastard," Shumaker had said of the dead man, "a lucky bastard."

The jeep driver stuck his head in the door of the billet. "You the one that's going?" he asked Hayward. "You the one with 94 points?"

"Yes," said Hayward. "I'm the one."

"Get the lead out," said the driver. "I want to get back before midnight."

Hayward picked up his bag and slung the strap over his shoulder.

"Need any help?" asked Johnson, looking up from his cards.

Johnson had joined the outfit two nights before they crossed the Rhine, and he was older than most of them. He was a man in his late 30s, and he was bitter. He had been a clerk in an ordnance outfit in Paris before he was reclassified. And the night they jumped off for the Rhine crossing he lost his head.

"We'll never make it," he had said. "I'll never make it anyway. I can feel it. I'll never get across. I can't swim, you know. I never swam a stroke in my life," and he had begun to weep, quietly and horribly.

Hayward had not known what to do at first, and he hadn't said anything for a minute, and then he made his voice stern and hard. "Shut the hell up or I'll knock your teeth down your throat," he had said, and Johnson had looked at him, incredulous, and then shut up, and after that he had been all right.

"No," Hayward answered. "I can manage."

He picked up his overcoat.

"Don't forget to call that number," someone said. Hayward didn't notice who it was but it didn't matter. They had all given him numbers to call.

"No," he said, "I won't forget."

No one looked up when he started toward the door and when he opened it the announcer on the radio was saying something about non-fraternization and somebody switched it off, and the room was silent except for a not-very-good pen scratching on not-very-good paper. And the slap of the cards on the porcelain-topped table. And Hayward thought of the night he had first seen the room, when the next house was still occupied by Germans, and there was a machine gun down the street.

"Well, so long," he said.

"So long," they repeated, all together but not in unison and with no particular enthusiasm.

"So long," Hayward said again as he closed the door and paused for a minute outside it.

"Get the lead out," said the driver, who was already in the jeep. "I want to get back before midnight."

"So long," Hayward said a third time to the men, to the house, to the rubble-strewn town, to Germany, to the Continent, to the Army. And he was glad it was dark by then, completely dark and moonless.

THIS week's tenant of the page across the way moved in especially for the younger element of the Army. As you've already noticed, she is a 'teen age beauty. Her name is Madelon Mason. Madelon is a highly successful Conover cover girl. She was born in Cleveland. She is blonde, blue-eyed, stands 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 112. At the moment, she has no special boy friend, despite what anyone has told you. So go ahead, soldier. Try

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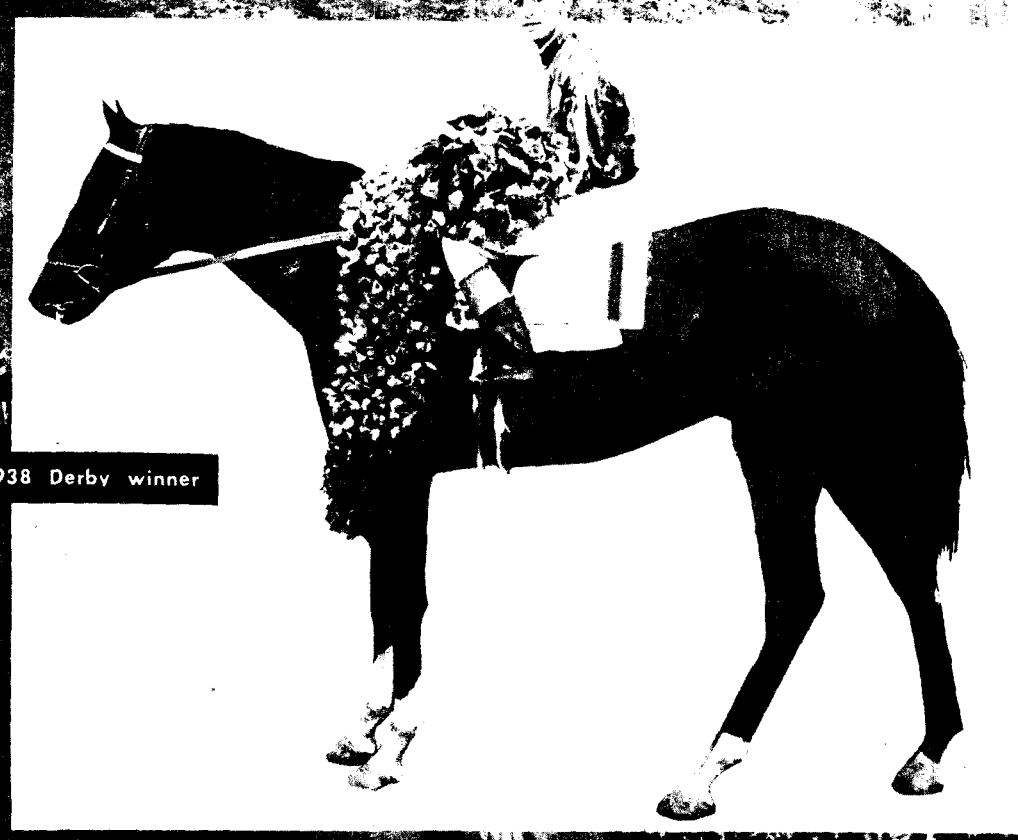
ARCARO'S DERBY WINNERS

Hooper's Hoop Jr. wins the 1945 Derby



ford Farm's Lawrin, 1938 Derby winner

met Farm's Whirlaway wins the 1941 Derby

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By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

When the Newport, Ky., booter won the 1945 Derby on F. W. Hooper's Hoop Jr., he became the third jockey in history to ride three winners of that classic.

EDDIE ARCARO

LOUISVILLE, KY.—"I have seen every topnotch jockey who has ridden on American race tracks in the last 30 years," said Plain Ben Jones, the veteran trainer, after the Kentucky Derby, "but I have never seen one to equal Arcaro."

Eddie Arcaro's latest Churchill Downs triumph on Fred W. Hooper's Hoop Jr., with his previous wins on Lawrin in 1938 and Whirlaway in 1941, equals the mark of Earl Sande, who booted home Zev in 1923, Flying Ebony in 1925 and Gallant Fox in 1930. You have to go back to Isaac Murphy, the famous Negro who won with Buchanan in 1884, Riley in 1890 and Kingman in 1891, to find the only other jockey who can claim three victories in the Kentucky classic.

Arcaro might have had four Derby victories to his credit if he had selected Shut Out instead of Devil Diver before the 1943 race. As contract rider for the Greentree Stable he had his choice between them and took Devil Diver, leaving Shut Out to Wayne Wright. Jones takes the blame for Arcaro's selection of Devil Diver that year. Ben, who didn't have a horse in the Derby, saw Devil Diver work a mile in 1:38 at Keeneland and advised Arcaro to ride him. Devil Diver finished sixth, never threatening, while his stablemate galloped to a two-and-a-quarter length victory.

Arcaro's opinion of horses is sought by veteran trainers. It meant a lot to Trainer Ivan Parke when Eddie climbed off Hoop Jr. after winning one division of the Wood Memorial at Jamaica in May and said, "There ain't nothing going to beat this horse in the Derby. I'd like to ride him for you."

Parke had thought enough of the Sir Galahad colt to give $10,200 of Hooper's money for him at the Lexington, Ky., sales two years ago, but he was disappointed when Hoop Jr. finished fourth in his first start as a 3-year-old this season. The colt had been trained for the Derby all winter at Hialeah and Parke had expected him to romp. Now he knows that Hoop Jr. didn't run up to expectations in that first trial of the season because of the way that Bobby Permane, who had the mount, handled him. That young jockey rode Hoop Jr. with a loose rein when he got him to the front in the race. Arcaro has been successful with the colt because he has held him together while letting him set the pace, reserving his strength until it was needed.

Hoop Jr. isn't the first equine riddle Arcaro has solved. Whirlaway was called "The All American Outcurve" until Eddie cured him of his habit of running wide at the stretch turn. Lawrin was the same kind of problem as the Hooper colt.

The 1938 Derby winner had plenty of early speed, but until Eddie started riding him he had a reputation for being chicken-hearted. He would go to the front, build up a big early lead and then fold when challenged. Arcaro discovered that Lawrin wasn't chicken-hearted, but that he was a one-run horse who folded when challenged because his speed and strength had been misused.

Arcaro prefers Hoop Jr. to Lawrin but he refuses to compare the 1945 winner with Whirlaway. "It's a little early for that," he says. "Whirlaway was the runningest horse I ever rode. You had to watch him, but he could really turn it on." His other all-time favorites are Nellie Flag and Thingumabob, a 2-year-old who was fatally injured at Saratoga before he established himself.

ARCARO made up his mind to be a jockey one day at Latonia in 1927 when he saw Earl Poole win the Latonia Derby on Handy Mandy. Later he quit high school in nearby Newport, Ky., where his father managed a restaurant supply store, and spent most of his time hanging around the stables at Latonia. A horseman named J. H. McCafferty put him under contract as a rider but after a year gave it back to him and advised him in no uncertain terms to forget the jockey business and to return to high school.

Ignoring McCafferty's advice, Arcaro went to Agua Caliente in Mexico the next winter with Alvin Booker, an ex-jockey who had a stable of a few aged and decrepit nags. On one of them, Eagle Bird, Arcaro won his first race. That was in 1931. Booker liked his riding style so much that he transferred his contract to Clarence Davison, a former Missouri farmer who had a very successful stable of cheap horses, so that the youngster would have more opportunities to ride.

Davison and his wife took Arcaro into their home and treated him as a son. Under Davison's coaching, Arcaro won 70 races before he lost his "bug," the race track expression for the asterisk in the program beside the name of a jockey who is still serving his apprenticeship with a five-pound allowance. Warren Wright, owner of the big time Calumet Farms Stable, bought his contract for $5,000 from Davison even though it had only five more months to run. Wright immediately raised his pay to $300 a week, gave him 10 percent of all the stakes he won and bought him a new Chevrolet.

Arcaro stayed with Calumet Farms for the 1935 and 1936 seasons and then joined Greentree Stable, his present employer, when it made him the kind of an offer he couldn't turn down. In a good year now he makes as much as $50,000 and even in a very bad year he pays taxes on an income of $12,000.

The Number One jockey of the country is 29 years old, weighs around 114 and stands 5 feet and 3 inches. He is married to a former photographer's model who is five inches taller than he is. They have two children, a boy and girl, and they live about as normal a life as a jockey can live, what with early morning workouts and riding dates at various meetings along the Atlantic seaboard. Their home in Miami is attractive and comfortable but not elaborate.

Although Arcaro has never actually led the American jockeys in wins, he topped them all in purse and stakes earnings in 1940 and 1941. In the 13 years of his riding career before the current season he earned in purses the staggering figure of $3,616,587.

In other words, he is a money rider and like most money riders, he is ruthless and willing to do anything to win an important race. This accounts for the fact that Arcaro, a rather sober and serious fellow away from the track, is often in hot water with racing officials. He was grounded for 90 days for rough riding in 1936 and after he finished second on Occupation in the 1942 running of the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct, the stewards suspended him for the rest of that year and part of 1943.

Arcaro says he hasn't any particular post war plans, except that he would like to win the Derby for a fourth time. "My dad wants me to retire," he says. "But I'm not ready for that yet."

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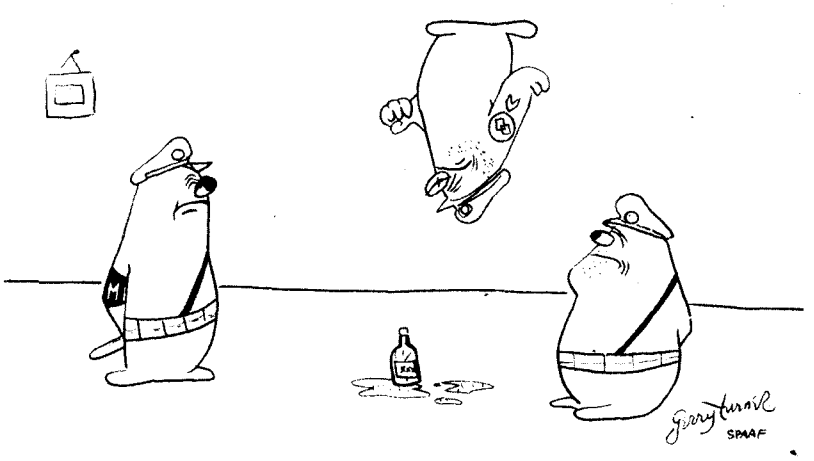
"THE GUNS ARE ON BLUE BEACH, THE AMMUNITION ON WHITE BEACH AND THE FIRST SERGEANT IS STILL IN FRISCO!"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli



"WHO'S PLASTERED?"
—A/S Gerry Turner

"YOU'LL HAVE TO REWRITE THIS REGULATION. WHY, EVEN A CHILD CAN UNDERSTAND IT."
—Cpl. Wayne Thiebaud

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